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Korea and the Powers

FOR the first time a puppet Government, controlled and armed by one Great Power, has made war on the puppet Government of another Great Power. The Security Council, on the evidence before it, has condemned Northern Korea as an aggressor. In obtaining this verdict the United States was aided by the absence of Russia, which thereby in effect waived its power of veto. Jumping the legal gun by a matter of five hours, America announced its intention to protect Southern against Northern Korea and also formally declared its determination to prevent any attack on Formosa, at the same time warning the Kuomintang rump against continuing their blockade of Communist China. By this unilateral action in taking over Formosa, which should by universal consent be returned to China, the Americans have weakened the basis of legality on which they stand, and shown that the underlying issue in the Pacific is the rivalry of two Great Powers. Yet, as the Korean conflict was presented to them, Britain and the other members of the Security Council could see no alternative but to accept America's lead, however apprehensive they might be of its outcome.

It is not true, as we explain on another page, that this is simply a civil war, and it is not sufficient to put forward the lamentably correct explanation that the American-controlled Government of Southern Korea was as corrupt as Chiang Kai-shek's Government. Nor can we dispose of the immediate issue by talking of the vast revolutionary process which is taking place throughout Asia, and by urging that in the long run Southern Korea will probably be absorbed in a Communist State. These things are true, but they do not get rid of the fact that in an area divided between America and Russia, and under United Nations supervision, an act of aggression has been committed, and that one of the quickest ways to war—as the world knows in 1950—is unchecked acts of aggression leading to the humiliated state of mind of Munich and, sooner or later, to that of 1939.

Will America's protective action bring war nearer or give us a chance of peace? This depends on the attitude of the West to the social problems out of which Communism is able to advance. It is only too possible that the upshot of American action in Southern Korea will merely be to build what Mr. Acheson might properly call a "position of weakness"—that is, a strategic point which from a military point of view is hard to defend, which is based on no popular support, and which is just as vulnerable to the ideological attack of Communism as the present regime of Mr. Syngman Rhee.

The Communist offensive in Korea has, in short, given American Imperialism just the opportunity it desired. The effect on the balance of political forces in the United States must be wholly deplorable. Mr. Acheson, a cautious and thoughtful Secretary of State, has based his policy, at least in part, on the argument that the Soviet Union was averse from military action and that Communism could not be defeated by bullets. He has attempted to build a balanced defence—partly military and partly economic. He can still reply to his critics that the Soviet Union is not itself committed to war in Korea. But the argument is now strongly on the side of Mr. Acheson's opponent, the Secretary for Defence, Mr. Louis Johnson, and his friends. They can point with greater force to numerous occasions on which democracies could have strengthened their position against the Soviet Union by following the anarchic maxim of Mr. James Burnham, who recently said "the third world war has begun, but when we make it a shooting war is merely a matter of expediency."

The attack on Southern Korea will certainly be taken by the Service chiefs to confirm this diagnosis. Instead of arguing the necessity of checking aggression and seeking a settlement at the same time, some American Imperialists now see before them a prospect of opposing Communism by force all over the world, and, presumably, of finally scoring a great military victory against China and the U.S.S.R.

The alternative to a general war in which everything is justified because of war, and no cause served except that of destruction, is, as it always has been, negotiation at the highest level. For far too long Western statesmen have complacently argued that time was on their side and that our bargaining position would improve if we firmly refused to negotiate, strengthened our armaments and won a series of Cold War victories. Though this policy may be just possibly defensible in Europe, it totally disregards the realities of the Far Eastern situation. Here, the longer we wait, the more our positions of weakness multiply. Mr. Trygvie Lie is right in refusing to allow events to discourage his efforts to end the Cold War by negotiations.

It will, of course, be argued that if a Uno-sponsored frontier can be violated, all negotiations are futile. We believe that the Korean tragedy establishes the exact contrary, that the attempt by the Western Powers to defeat the Russians solely by Cold War can only end in disaster. It is refusal to attempt to reach agreement, on the basis of recognising both the real power position and the dynamic of revolution in Asia, that has created a situation in which reckless gambles, like that in Korea, become only too likely. At the very least it must surely be true, that if bargaining strength is achieved by the restoration of the *status quo* in Korea, it should be used for a more determined attempt at a peaceful settlement.

Finland and Russia

One of the stranger by-products of the last war is the Russian-induced industrialisation of Finland. It began with reparations, which the Russians wanted in machinery and small ships not hitherto produced in any quantity in Finland, and for which, accordingly, the Finns had to found new industries. It has proceeded, now that reparations are mostly paid or renounced by the Russians, with a five-year trade agreement whereby Russia will sell raw materials and finished goods to Finland in exchange for the products of these new Finnish mechanical industries.

Finnish exports to the Soviet Union are to increase from a proposed total of 13,000 million Finnmarks in 1951 to 18,000 million Finnmarks in 1955. While industrial products will form only about one-third of Finland's exports to Russia in 1950, and only 40 per cent in 1951, the proportion in 1955 is to be 70 per cent. Full employment in these export industries is assured; what is more significant, however, is that these industries will now be able to expand so as to effect a healthier balance in the whole Finnish economy. The Finns are also reported to be highly satisfied with the import side of the agreement; for their fears that the Russians would insist on maintaining a high level of grain exports to Finland have apparently not been realised: imports of Russian artificial manures, oil products, optical instruments, and certain machinery are to increase.

A measure of this change in the pattern of the Finnish economy can be had from the figures of industrial employment. Between 1917 and 1937 the number of industrial workers in Finland rose from 27,000 to 40,000; in 1949 the figure was 86,000. That an expansion of this order was necessary can be seen from the condition of small-holding in the Finnish countryside, where the pressure of population and resettlement from the Lake Ladoga area have contributed towards an excessive reduction in the average size of holdings. While about 85 per cent of Finnish farms cover less than 10 hectares of cultivable land, there are no more than 500 estates larger than 100 hectares—and this in a country of extensive cultivation. Dwarfholders, who form nearly a quarter of the Finnish population, can no longer support themselves from their own land. To problems of this order industrialisation provides the only stable solution.

Greece Since Plastiras

While it was not to be expected that General Plastiras would prove capable of miracles in extracting a spirit of justice and mercy from the present Greek administration, there was ground for thinking, when the General took office three months ago, that conditions would steadily improve. It is quite certain that this is what Plastiras himself hoped for, and has in fact worked for. But the results are lacking. The concentration camp on Makronessos still exists, in spite of the General's undertaking to abolish it; the regime has simply changed from army to police administration.

Less than 1,000 prisoners have had their release in spite of much pre-electoral talk of amnesty and clemency. According to Mr. Papandreou, the Deputy Prime Minister, no more than "472 men and 345 women have been released" from Makronessos. There are still 23,000 people under detention; three thousand of these, he admits are still awaiting trial. There is no possible excuse or justification for this state of affairs. A letter was received by the Union of Democratic Contol this week from "sixty consumptive political exiles" in the Panagias Monastery of Monte Rakhon, on the island of Ikaria. "In the most unbelievably unhealthy conditions," runs this letter, "and with a large percentage of the serious form of this sickness, with 5 deaths in the time that has elapsed, with total lack of any curative welfare, we have been entirely ignored . . . . ." In voting for the parties of the present Coalition, the Greeks this year voted for an end to all this. It is high time that at least a beginning was made.

Trade Unions and Schuman Plan

Trade union leaders in Great Britain are seeking answers to a number of questions which directly concern them in connection with the Schuman Plan. They want to know what is implied in the proposal to equalise wages and working conditions of coalminers and steelworkers over the entire area covered by the Plan, and how such a proposal will affect their rights of collective bargaining and the established working conditions in the different countries. They also want to know whether it is intended that the suggested supra-national authority shall have the right, over the head of a national Government, to order a particular colliery or steelworks to be closed down, or the output of the coal or steel industry in this country to be restricted with the consequence of throwing miners or steelworkers out of employment. Sir William Lawther has already issued a warning that "British miners are not accustomed to accepting dictatorship, even with the best intentions;" and Mr. Lincoln Evans, of the Iron and Steel Trades' Confederation, has asked whether it is intended that equalisation of workers' living standards shall be improved "from the top," by the supra-national authority, and whether collective bargaining is meant to proceed on a national or international basis. Such issues as these have so far hardly figured in the Paris discussions or in the public discussion of the Plan; but they will come to the front at once in this country if the question of British participation becomes a practical issue. The French notion of an advisory committee on which the trade unions would be represented together with other interests quite fails to touch these vital points.

Historic Houses

There will be general agreement with much of what Sir Ernest Gowers and his colleagues have to say about the position and prospects of Britain's stately homes. Beyond doubt, the present level of taxation on large incomes makes it impossible, without heavy inroads into capital, to maintain a house which may cost between £5,000 and £10,000 a year to run. It would be a real loss to the country if more and more houses of historic interest or architectural beauty were allowed to fall into ruin; and there are limits (not perhaps so narrow as the Gowers Committee seem to think) to the extent to which they can be usefully "institutionalised"—at any rate without serious damage to their interior beauty. It will be agreed, too, that there is a good case for establishing a statutory body—the Committee suggests an Historic Buildings Council, but a Ministry of Fine Arts might be worth considering—to decide which buildings should be "designated" as worthy of preservation and to codify and administer the present somewhat confused regulations which provide negatively for their protection.

It is when the Committee comes to the policy which the proposed Council should pursue, and the means whereby the State should facilitate its pursuance, that the recommendations become highly controversial. It is argued that the cultural value to the nation of these great mansions is enhanced if they are preserved, so far as possible, as private residences occupied by the families connected with them. Accordingly, the proposal is made that owner-occupiers of designated houses should be specially relieved from death duties on the house and its contents, and from income tax in respect of approved expenditure on maintenance. This is not practical politics. Quite apart from the fact that many owners of great houses are descended not from the Barons of the Wars of the Roses, but from the even less savoury Captains of the Industrial Revolution, this recommendation is tantamount to proposing that the general body of taxpayers should subsidise one particular category of wealthy people simply because they hold one special type of property.

State subventions are incompatible with the continuance of private ownership. An alternative and better policy would surely be to extend the operation of the National Trust country house scheme. The objection is made by the Committee that before the Trust can take over a house (which it can thereafter lease rent-free to the ex-owner as a residence) the gift of the house must be accompanied by an endowment fund—exempt from income tax—for its maintenance. It is argued that many owners can no longer afford the endowment on which the Trust insists. If this be so, the remedy, we suggest, is for the State to equip the National Trust with funds to enable it to take over approved houses without endowment—both houses and contents being, of course, exempt from death duty.

PARLIAMENT: "Le Plan"

Wednesday.

THE debate on the Schuman Plan started under a cloud. Though most Members were inclined to play down the significance of events in Korea, their minds kept wandering in a Far-Easterly direction. Mr. Attlee's first statement was received in grave silence, which Mr. Peter Roberts transformed into shocked amazement by suggesting that North Korea be atom-bombed. This ricochet of his own speeches so infuriated Mr. Churchill that he promptly ordered a party disavowal. News of American intervention evoked some Opposition enthusiasm, but a number of Government supporters were visibly apprehensive.

Approaches to the Schuman Plan were many and various, but the general Tory-Liberal line was that Britain, whatever the conditions, ought to be at Paris. Mr. Eden argued that we ought to be there to counterbalance the Germans, whilst Brigadier Maclean, with the military approach, believed it was our duty to use the Plan to bring the Germans into Western Defence. On the other hand, Sir Stafford Cripps, proving easily that Mr. Bevin—considering all the engagements he had entered into—was no isolationist, reduced the matter to a needle point: for or against commitment to a supra-national authority.

Fairly lengthy speeches, and a good deal of shadow-boxing, came from the middle benches. Eccles, Hogg, and Boothby matched Crossman, Mackay, and Silverman. All agreed that the Commonwealth *versus* Europe argument was sterile, and that we had to surrender some sovereignty; and the whole House, save Major Legge-Bourke and half-a-dozen xenophobes, appeared to concur. But what for, and under what conditions? Some put the accent on the Cold War: it was a question whether you thought the Soviet Union or Germany was the greater menace. Others stressed the need to stimulate steel consumption and avert an over-production crisis. Constitutionally, Boothby and Mackay favoured using the machinery of the Strasbourg Assembly, Bing preferred reliance on the organs of the United Nations and Crossman implied the necessity of a new kind of democratic authority, to supervise European planning. Whilst Eccles regarded Socialist planning at home as an obstacle to European planning, Silverman held it to be indispensable.

But "where is the Plan?" interjected Mr. Ellis Smith more than once, eventually provoked into protesting at the way the debate was dominated by long-winded middle-benchers. Members were uncertain about the answer. Eccles considered it an advantage that there was no detailed Plan, while Boothby characterised the Plan as an "initiative." Nevertheless, the Prime Minister, sharply recalling the debate to the needle point, disclosed that there was a French Plan, a report of which had been published in *The Times* that morning, but it had evidently escaped Mr. Churchill's notice.

Churchill's speech, largely drafted as a party political broadcast with a final plea to join the Paris discussions at all costs, while reserving full freedom of action, misfired. The Prime Minister, disarmingly frank about *European Unity*, was able to show that this was a plea for dishonesty. If we were there, accepting—as the French insisted—the principle of an undemocratic supra-national authority, we should be there on false pretences. Therefore, we were not there. It was a simple, moral issue.

The Government's majority of 20 over an official Tory-Liberal line-up bodes ill for Mr. Churchill's tactics. STEPHEN SWINGLER

Hotting the Cold War

No one doubts that many "provocations" have occurred on both sides of the unstable frontier between North and South Korea. But that they explain, let alone justify, the decision of North Korea to launch a fully mounted offensive on South Korea is clearly an untenable proposition. The truth would seem to be that when General MacArthur, the American Mission and the Japanese Prime Minister started last week to discuss the question of American bases in Japan, the Government of the Korean People's Democratic Republic, which was created and is sustained by the Soviet Union, decided that the time had come for action. We must assume that Soviet advisers were at least as closely in touch with the leaders of the North Korean Government as American advisers were with that of South Korea. Both Governments can fairly be described as puppets. In Washington last April Mr. Acheson informed the South Korean Ambassador that, unless his country set to work to stabilise its economy and regulated its political life by holding immediate national elections, American military and economic aid might be withheld. Mr. John Foster Dulles underlined America's close association with South Korea last week when he assured the Government that his presence in Seoul was "one more evidence of the fact that Korea did not stand alone"—an assurance amply borne out by the promptness of American intervention.

This, then, is more than a civil war; it is also a phase of the world struggle between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. Recently the Soviet position has been immensely strengthened by the victory of the Chinese Communists and the subsequent Sino-Soviet pact. Indeed, the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek so weakened America's position in the Far East that Washington is attempting to bolster it up by expedients that might be described as desperate—by military aid to Bao Dai in Indo-China, by a loan to the Siamese dictator for building strategic roads, and by proposals to the Japanese designed to reconcile their demand for independence with the presence in their country of permanent U.S. forces and air bases.

A divided Korea has always been a centre of American-Russian tension. The Allies, recognising this danger, and unwilling to take the risk of an independent Korea (promised in the Cairo Declaration in 1943), discussed the possibilities of a multi-Power trusteeship when they met in Yalta, and again at San Francisco. But before plans for Korean independence could be completed, the military occupation of the country was an accomplished fact. Soviet troops entered North Korea on August 8, 1945, and a month later American troops marched into South Korea. The country was then divided, North and South of Latitude 38, into Soviet and American areas. This was a division made to facilitate military operations at the time of the Japanese surrender. It was an unhappy decision, economically, politically and psychologically. The Foreign Ministers recognised its dangerous implications when they decided, in December, 1945, that a joint American-Soviet Commission should frame proposals, "following consultation with the provisional Korean Government, for the working out of an agreement concerning a Four-Power trusteeship of Korea for a period up to five years." But already the war-time alliance had given way to bitter suspicion; in March, 1946, a joint conference between the Soviet and the American Commands adjourned *sine die*. The U.S.S.R. wanted a Soviet-orientated Korean nation; the United States was just as determined to create a Korean Government favourable to its interests, whilst General MacArthur's militant anti-Soviet policy in Japan—only a hundred miles away across the Straits of Fusan—could not fail to increase Soviet-American tension.

The Foreign Ministers who met in Moscow in April, 1947, recognised the explosive qualities of this "cockpit of Asia," and Mr. Marshall and Mr. Molotov exchanged communications which led to the conference in Seoul four months later. Again there was deadlock and the United Nations took over, with the result that a Temporary Commission was appointed to visit the country and to arrange for free elections. The Russians, whose proposal for the withdrawal of American and Soviet troops within three months had been turned down by the conference, refused to share in the work of the Commission. When it arrived in Seoul the following January, the U.S.S.R. refused to allow its members to enter the zone occupied by Russian troops.

From that time onwards, the rift deepened in Korea, as elsewhere. In Korea, North of the 38th Parallel, a Soviet-sponsored Government was established in February, 1948. In May, polling took place in South Korea, and by the summer a Republic had been proclaimed in Seoul. In Pyongyang the announcement was made of a Democratic Korean People's Republic, with a constitution planned to apply eventually to the whole country. By the time the Soviet troops were withdrawn from the North (December, 1948), and the Americans from the South (June, 1949), the division of Korea was as complete as that between East and West Germany. The parallel is indeed very close; in Northern Korea, as in East Germany, the Communists are carrying out a programme of land reform, and the nationalisation of industries. In the foreign field, policy is identified with Soviet interests. Like their Chinese neighbours, the Korean People's Democratic Republic has a ten-year Treaty of Economic and Cultural Co-operation with the Soviet Union, which arranges for the exchange of experience in the spheres of industry and agriculture and for the development and strengthening of trade relations "on the principles of co-operation, equal rights and mutual advantage." The two men who went to Moscow to sign it, in March, 1949, were—like Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues—Communists of many years' experience. Kim Ir Sung joined the Korean Communist Party in 1930, served as

secretary of the organisational bureau of the Party in North Korea, and since 1946 has been Vice-Chairman of the North Korean Labour Party, which is a Communist-controlled political party on the lines of the S.E.D. in Germany. Pak Heun Yung was one of the founders of the Communist Party in 1924; he directed the Communist "underground" for many years before and during the Second World War.

On June 16, the Communists, acting now as the "United Democratic Fatherland Front," passed a resolution in favour of a peaceful unification of the country. Two days later this proposal was repeated by the Presidium of the Northern People's Assembly, who coupled it with demands for the arrest of the "treacherous Syngman Rhee clique" and the expulsion of the United Nations Mission now in South Korea. Last May, when Mr. Trygvie Lie was in Moscow, an open letter by a Korean journalist appeared in a newspaper in Seoul urging that "the Cold War could be dissolved by beginning with the problem of Korea", and that otherwise the struggle between America and U.S.S.R. in Korea, already costing many thousands of lives, would develop into "the bloodiest civil war in Korean history" and "disturb the peace of the world."

The Schuman Build-Up

No, it isn't as simple as it looks. Or as they tried to make it look on that Ninth of May. *Le Neuf Mai*. The way some of the French papers talked about it, one would have thought the day the Schuman Plan was born was a date almost equal in importance in the annals of humanity to, say, the 14th of July or the 25th of December. Early last week the "Six" assembled at the Quai d'Orsay, and already on Saturday, after listening to a number of *exposés*, and registering the fact that the French Government had fallen that morning, they went home to think it over. One thing is certain, and that is that M. Schuman's "shock tactics" have not quite succeeded. No doubt, at first, imaginations were stirred, as they say, on both sides of the Channel, and on both sides of the Atlantic, but that was not enough to get a quick agreement on the coal-steel pool; for, when it came to investigating the details, a thousand questions and objections arose.

What is odd in this whole business is the propaganda technique employed. First of all, the Schuman Plan was represented as a triumph of the French Mind—though, in fact, Adenauer and other Germans had a good deal to do with its genesis—and the French press went out of its way to impress upon the world that France had taken the lead, and had, historically, come into her own again. When the British Government remained somewhat cool and aloof, the French Government press could scarcely conceal its irritation. And then came the Labour Executive's Manifesto. This produced a very curious reaction. The French Government press was not as violent as might have been expected; but it recorded, not without glee, the virulence of some of the reactions in America, rather with the implication: "The Americans will see to it that the British climb down."

But while the French pro-Government press continued to play up the Schuman Plan and M. Schuman himself as hard as it could go, a large part of the French people themselves were beginning to scratch their heads. The British Labour Manifesto, as well as the British Government's reluctance to buy a pig in a poke, made quite a strong impression on French opinion. "Maybe it isn't quite as wonderful as the French Government makes out," people began to wonder. The frantic support given the scheme by all the American ultra-capitalists, as well as by the German industrialists, also made people a bit hesitant. Claude Bourdet's paper, *L'Observateur*, wrote that there was much that was good about the Schuman Plan, and much that was bad, but, considering the people who were supporting it, its worst, rather than its best sides were likely to emerge. Other snags began to crop up. What if the British were right in insisting on "full employment"? What exactly was going to be the effect, in this respect, on France? Who was going to benefit from the pool most—was it France, or was it Germany? The more extravagant slogans of the Communists about the Schuman Plan being another step in the direction of rearming Germany "against the Soviet Union," about the whole scheme being a plot engineered by German and American capitalists, for whom France was acting merely as a catspaw, and about France being "de-industrialised" and turned into "the rural appendix of a militarist Germany"—all this had some effect.

And then there is, of course, also this to consider. Two-thirds of the French trade union members belong to the C.G.T., which is Communist. They are politically hostile to the Schuman Plan. But the other trade unionists are in a bit of a spot, too. The assurances given them that they would be associated with the "pool," and that the interests of the working-class would be safeguarded under the Schuman Plan have, so far, been extremely vague, and meantime, of course, the Communists—but not only they—are making capital out of the closing of French mines and engineering works that the Schuman Plan will bring in its train. On June 20th, M. Biscaret (Communist) said:

> The day after the proclamation of the Schuman Plan, the *Monde* announced the liquidation of our coal mines and engineering works in Central France, as well as in large parts of the North and Lorraine. . . . But this is not only a threat. Already 70 mines have been closed, and, according to M. Louvel, Minister of Industry, 25 more will be shortly closed. The closing of 150 engineering plants, and the dismissal of 60,000 miners and 100,000 metal workers are being planned.

This is not simply Communist propaganda. The Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune* confirmed that 60,000 to 70,000 French miners would lose their jobs.

The Socialists, in virtue of their "federalist" tendencies, are favourable to the Schuman Plan in principle, but they are not sure to what extent it will protect the interests of the workers. Various "discussion meetings" are at the moment being organised by the non-Communist Left in the hope of seeing more clearly what it's all about.

Finally, M. Schuman's shock tactics greatly annoyed the National Assembly. When he made a brief appearance before the Assembly on June 20th, his reply to M. Marin was received with thin applause. M. Marin, who is one of the great Conservative parliamentarians of the older generation, famous for his Cassandra speeches on German rearmament between the two wars, charged M. Schuman with a disdainful attitude to Parliament—an attitude he compared with Clemenceau's most dictatorial moments. Schuman, he said, desired no parliamentary control, and he (M. Marin) did not much relish the spectacle of "the controller controlling himself." It was not enough merely to keep Parliament "informed"; the Schuman Plan was not the kind of treaty which had to be negotiated in secret, and only then be submitted to the ratification of Parliament. Why was it, M. Marin asked, that both Congress and the House of Commons were being not merely informed, but also consulted, on questions of this kind, whereas the National Assembly was being kept well outside the Schuman Plan talks? M. Marin also deplored M. Schuman's way of treating the Germans with such friendship and trust, and of presenting them with his precious Plan on a platter. No wonder they were delighted.

The voice of M. Louis Marin is the voice of old-time French patriotism, traditionally anti-German and hostile to all that Vichy stood for. It may be "old fashioned" and "unrealistic" to talk like that. But the fact remains that there is still in France an undercurrent of resentment against Germany, and especially against German Big Business. This, plus the heart-searching that has started on the French non-Communist Left as a result of the Labour Party's attitude, plus the not altogether negligible effect of the Communist peace propaganda, plus the uncertainties of French Labour, plus the wild enthusiasm of American Big Business for the Schuman Plan—all these have created in France itself a much more cautious approach to the whole question than M. Schuman hoped for when his Plan was first launched in the midst of a laudatory chorus about "French initiative."

It has even been suggested that the fall of the Bidault Government—though, nominally, totally unconnected with the Schuman Plan—was precipitated by the National Assembly's resentment over M. Schuman's way of treating it. There may be something in the "psychological climate" in Paris to justify this suggestion. Meantime, the foreign delegates, provided with a French *document de travail*, dealing with the various aspects of the supra-national authority, have gone home to think it over. Already on Friday, it was said outside the conference that things were not going quite as smoothly as one had hoped, and that the Dutch, in particular, were being "sticky" and were, in the phrase of one unfriendly person, "behaving like a bunch of British stooges." In the last few days the impression has grown that the Schuman Plan is going to be a long, long business, and that a thousand questions will be asked by everybody concerned, and will have

to be answered, before anything is finally settled. Already the question is being widely asked whether there aren't some British alternative proposals which might be usefully studied alongside with the Schuman Plan; but one may be certain that, for the present, M. Schuman would prefer everybody to stick to his Plan, and look for no other.

Only, there is no reason for British Labour either to feel or to sound apologetic.

Paris, Monday. ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

N. Y. MARR, whom Stalin has so unexpectedly made famous, was born in 1864 and his father was a Scotsman who married a Georgian. Marr is characteristically an Aberdeen name; it is the name of part of Aberdeenshire, as in Braemar. How did it come about that a Scotsman was in South Russia in the middle of the nineteenth century? That was just the time when an Aberdeen contractor got the contract for paving the streets of Odessa with granite paving setts. He enrolled a few hundred granite-workers and took them out to South Russia. Some of them took wives with them; some married and settled down in Russia.

* * *

After reading through the translation of Stalin's article, I'm still not sure whether his strictures are meant solely for the linguistic errors of N. Y. Marr and his "disciples," or whether they were meant to have a wider impact. Take this remarkable passage:

> It is generally recognised that no science can develop and flourish without a battle of opinions, without freedom of criticism. But this generally recognised rule was ignored and flaunted in the most unceremonious fashion. A group of infallible leaders, having ensured themselves against all possible criticism, began to act arbitrarily and high-handedly.

Most people, who have tried to follow the various Soviet controversies in the arts and sciences, could be pardoned for thinking that much the same could be said of Lysenko, or of the musical and literary pundits who have followed the Zhdanov line. But did Stalin intend his criticism to be applied over the whole field of Soviet thought? And is this important article—for the Marshal rarely intervenes with theoretical statements of several thousand words—intended to put the brake on the drift to a sectarian and unscientific attitude towards cultural and scientific matters? I think this may be safely assumed. Anyway let us be grateful to Stalin for calling upon people to speak out "openly and honestly, as befits scientists."

* * *

Apart from the £5 fine for pulling a railway communication cord without justification, taxi fares have until now been almost the only charges that have not increased in the last ten years. Years before the war the "journeymen" taxi-drivers in London, whose share of the taximeter takings was in most cases 33½ per cent., were demanding 40 per cent. By agreeing to accept 37½ per cent. last week they made a substantial concession in order to bring their strike to an end. (The recent increase, authorised by the Home Secretary, of one-third on the whole of the fare tariff up to six-mile journeys—a set-off against the rise in petrol costs—was appropriated by the owners for themselves). The strike differed in two important respects from the familiar pattern: the absence of any master-and-man relationship between owners and drivers excluded it from the Conditions of Employment and National Arbitration Order, so that the Minister of Labour could not regard it as a strike (he called it a "dispute"); and over 80 of the smaller companies, to say nothing of hundreds of concerns running two or three cabs each, were actually paying the 40 per cent., while many of the 2,500 owner-drivers were lending their cabs to strikers for evening work.

But the drivers want "limitation." If Scotland Yard goes on licensing more and more cabs, they say, desperate drivers will soon be almost fighting for passengers; while if it licenses more and more men, the journeyman driver, once more at the mercy of the big owners, will find his standard of living drastically reduced and his bargaining power destroyed. The truth of this could hardly be more clearly demonstrated than by a strike which halved the number of cabs available and still left queues of taxis at the railway termini.

* * *

We are likely shortly to have more "sensational" announcements about the groundnuts scheme. I'm told that the second report of the Overseas Food Corporation may be even more unsatisfactory than the first and that the Cabinet in that case will probably decide to let the Colonial Office take over and re-shape the scheme as part of its plans for African development. Disappointing though this is, it is probably the best remaining expedient. Now the world scarcity of fats, which in 1945 was generally regarded as permanent, has almost disappeared, or rather—to put the matter more exactly—since millions of people in the world still need fat which they can't buy, supply is catching up with effective demand. So long as the scarcity existed, the Minister of Food could justify the huge outlay on mechanised production and defend the unexpected losses as inevitable in a pioneering scheme which would ultimately benefit every British housewife. But now that this argument can no longer be used, the new Minister has no alternative to cutting his losses. No one would have dreamt of investing £34 millions on bush clearance in such places as Kongwa if he had been concerned about the African and not about the fat ration! The lesson of all this is that "realism" more often than not doesn't pay. Had the Cabinet stuck to its old-fashioned Socialist principles and seen its duty in Africa as development primarily for Africans, it would have planned differently and avoided many costly errors.

* * *

For many years now my next-door neighbour in the country has been H. A. Gwynne, once editor of the *Morning Post* and always a priest of the highest kind of Toryism. We have been the best of friends—a matter on which he constantly remarked, declaring that we were united by a common love of the English countryside and an uncommon respect for English prose. Gwynne's *Morning Post* was magnificent journalism. I still recall the wit, vigour and originality of its leading articles. English thinking would be much clearer to-day if it had remained alive with a small 2d. circulation instead of dying as a result of a ridiculous attempt to compete with the 1d. dailies. In his early days Gwynne was a foreign correspondent: in the mood, he would recall exciting stories of the South African war, the kings and intrigues in the Balkans, and, even more amusing, of the manœuvres, loves and hatreds of Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George, Carson, and of many other political figures. I tried hard to get him to dictate his memoirs. I knew in his old age he would not write a full-length autobiography, but he could have made an admirable book of discursive memoirs. On the whole I should say that Gwynne lived a happy life. He suffered greatly when the *Morning Post* came to an end and he was again hurt when the authorities would make no use of his journalistic experience in the last war. But, deprived of external activity, he surrounded himself with personal affection; he knew all the children in the district, showed them how to play games and cared for them individually. He became a kind of father figure in the village, and thereby got more satisfaction, perhaps, than he would have done if he had continued a life of political manœuvre. He was proud of the part he took, for instance, in the Conservative revolt that substituted Mr. Baldwin for Lloyd George, but scarcely more proud than when one of the village boys made a good score at cricket.

* * *

No doubt, London Transport schedules—not to mention bed-time limits for the usual big parties of school-children—are the decisive factor; yet, as I watched Robert Atkins and his Bankside Players do *The Merchant of Venice* in Regent's Park the other night, I could not help wishing that the performance started later—at least in high June. In the clear daylight of seven-thirty it took a little effort to imagine that a very English hedge, flecked white with syringa, gave on the Rialto; and one had to remind oneself why Shylock took a lantern with him when he so ill-advisedly left his house in Jessica's keeping. But towards ten, when the sky was almost dark enough to hold "patines of pure gold" and the trees in the background had a lovely flood-lit depth, Belmont came into its own: the moonlight really did seem to "sleep on yonder bank." Best of all, when Lorenzo and Jessica came to "On such a night," some little bird, off-stage "extra," was contributing its vespers. "What's that bird?" asked an American visitor next to me. I was hard put to it not to tell him it was Juliet's nightingale.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"Continental people may be better or worse than English people, but don't ever expect anyone but an English person to understand what an agreement means."—County Court Judge, reported by *Evening Argus*. (J. Perkins.)

Issuing a "fashion code" for future fights, the British Boxing Board of Control yesterday banned braces for boxers' seconds.

An assurance that the orders have no "personal significance" was given last night by a spokesman for the Board. "We simply want to give our fights 'tone'," he said.—*Daily Telegraph.* (P. M. Rowlatt.)

Canon Francis Boyd, of St. George's, Beckenham, Kent, will not allow music in his church at the wedding of non-Church of England members.

He said: "After all, it's not playing the game."—*Daily Graphic.* (A. K. Datta.)

An Alsatian dog bit a Communist candidate in a local election and licked the face of the policeman who came to investigate, Otley magistrates were told yesterday.—*News Chronicle.* (Denis M. Allen.)

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE

"Designated houses should be kept as private homes, preferably of the families connected with them."—*Gowers Report.*

The Englishman's home is his castle they say,
Be it never so splendid and stately.
The family seat must be saved from decay
Though built and embellished ornately.
Aid is due to the heirs of great houses of England
Where rain drips through many a dome,
Where stone work is shaky
Where turrets are crumbling,
Where stucco is flaky
And chimneys are tumbling—
Though their means are restricted
They won't be evicted,
For the Englishman's castle's his home.

For national monuments, Treasury alms,
For palaces scheduled historic,
For Blenheim and Cliveden and Hatfield and Glamis,
For Arundel, Walmer and Warwick.
If owners throw open great houses of England
The State tax-relief may adjust—
A council will earmark
As national heirlooms
The dower-house, the deer-park,
The State-rooms, the spare rooms,
The portraits, the panels
The plate and enamels,
For the Englishman's castle's a Trust.

This realm might have lost every family seat
If maintenance had not been granted,
For mansions historic with contents complete
Could be sold overseas, and transplanted.
But the State will take over great houses of England,
With half-crown set teas on the lawn
And owner caretakers
Will be reinstated
When halls and broad acres
Have been designated,
Retained on condition
Of public admission—
The Englishman's castle's in pawn.

The generous Exchequer apportions the sums
Devoted to public assistance,
And taxes from Englishmen's suburbs, and slums,
Will keep the great house in existence.
So palaces, mansions and castles of England
Will not be shipped over the foam,
No Baron his castle
Will sell in a parcel,
So long as he's able
To live in the stable
Though but an attendant
In halls once resplendent—
The Englishman's castle's his home.

SAGITTARIUS

The Manteuffel Plan

THE Western Powers have lately accused the Russians of promoting rearmament in the *Demokratische Republik*. The *Bereitschaften*, or alert squads, are said to have armour and artillery. The Russians have denied previous charges to this effect, and will doubtless deny this one; such charges, they have said, are intended as an excuse for the remilitarisation of the Western Zones. While considering these Western charges, accordingly, it will be well to see how far the counter-charges may be justified. Are there any real signs of a trend towards remilitarisation in Western Germany?

The jollification in Berlin was not the only Whitsuntide festivity in Germany. I have in my hands the copy of a circular letter to its members issued by the *Gesangverein Cidre*, whose secretary is a certain Ernst Franke, of Küchengartenstr. 10, Hannover-Linden (British Zone). This circular invites the *lieber Sangesbruder*—the dear brothers-in-song—to a Whitsun gathering at the Möhnetal-Dam. Half the cost of railway tickets will be refunded. "At the station of Bad Sassendorf a bus will be waiting at 10 o'clock, marked with the sign of the *Windhund* . . ." Brothers-in-song who know the addresses of likely members are asked to send them.

After all, why not? Germans might do a lot worse than sing. But wait a moment. It happens that the *Windhund* was the divisional sign of an armoured formation commanded by General von Schwerin. And the secretary bids members receive the affectionate greetings of their patrons, *unser Familienvater*, Graf von Schwerin, and Herr Heinz Guderian—who is perhaps more easily recognised as Panzer-General Guderian.

There is now enough evidence to suggest, fairly conclusively, that many branches of the *Wehrmacht* have managed to form associations of one kind or another by which their former members hold together, draw up lists of addresses, nominate liaison officers, and, generally, prepare for the new enrolment which many of them seem to expect before long. The meeting may be recalled of parachute-troops at Wesel, near Hamburg, last autumn, when General Student (of Cretan fame, and lately released after serving three years for war crimes) assembled several hundred of his old comrades-in-arms, and agreed on the appointment of liaison officers in various areas of Western Germany—possibly even the old *Wehrkreise*. Ex-Officers' Associations are springing up all over the place in order to agitate for higher pensions and so forth. Here in Düsseldorf, for instance, General von Auleb sits at the centre of such an organisation, established in a strict military hierarchy—to a point which has brought it under examination by the Military Security Board.

Have these organisations a political as well as a potentially military significance? Not directly. But the dividing line is at some points already tenuous. Many senior officers are actively associated with the *Bruderschaft* movement, which is certainly political. Two underlying motives run through the propaganda—discreet but well-directed to its audience—of the *Bruderschaft*. One is the demand for European Union, with a clear implication of German rearmament; and the other, reflecting this, is the argument that Germany "saved Europe" from Bolshevism by her long fight in the East:

> Our people (ran a recent manifesto of the *Bruderschaft*) contributed substantially to a European solution (*gesamteuropaische Losung*) through its fight in the East. . . . Certainly, there is little disposition to-day to give this fight its real value—just as little as a few years ago the anti-Bolshevist attitude of our people was recognised as a genuine political decision.

The argument is developed along the line that Western Europe cannot defend itself against Eastern Europe without an alliance with Middle Europe, which is Germany. One may compare it, reasonably, with Admiral Doenitz's last political statement as *Führer und Reichskanzler* when, in May, 1945, he broadcast: "Our political line is very plain . . . We must go along with the Western Powers, and work with them in the occupied territories of the West; for only by working with them can we have hopes of later retrieving our land from the Russians." This is now conservative Germany's apologia—that "we saved Europe from Bolshevism."

Some of the more obvious leaders of the *Bruderschaft* are doubtless of little account. There is, for instance, its chairman, a former SS-Obersturmbannführer called Franke-Grieksch, who directs operations from Schloss Holte, near Bielefeld. This man apparently emigrated to Prague with Otto Strasser in 1933: later he made his peace with Himmler—according to Strasser's account, because he turned spy on the Strasser emigration for Himmler's benefit. His wartime record in the Protectorate is said to be extremely unsavoury. If Franke-Grieksch may have to be discarded, however, there is plenty of solid military talent to take his place. Others in the central council of the *Bruderschaft* are known to include Colonel Beck-Broichsitter, formerly "I.A" of the élite armoured division, *Grossdeutschland;* associated with it are Generals Natzmer and Giller, Kaufman, the former *Gauleiter* of Hamburg, and—his denials notwithstanding—the former commander of the *Grossdeutschland*, Lieut-General von Manteuffel, and others. While the Ruhr industrialists as a body do not appear to be financing any particular political subversion at the moment, one or two of them—such as Gert Spindler, a textile manufacturer of Hilden, and the Catholic banker of Cologne, Pferdemenges—are known to make money available from time to time to "useful people."

What these various crypto-militarist formations are now aiming at may probably be gauged from von Manteuffel's published memorandum to Chancellor Adenauer early this year. Describing this memorandum to the German press, Manteuffel said that he and his comrades had "rejected the rearmament of Germany under existing conditions." He thinks it "impossible" that defence lines should be erected in Germany "without allowing the Germans themselves to do even the smallest thing for their own defence." Manteuffel (as reported by

the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*) suggested that the still very limited Atlantic Pact should be completed by a pact with German participation. He warned against over-estimating the spirit of the troops of Western Union. While pleading for a "genuine Franco-German understanding," and holding that the neutralisation of Germany was nonsense, he rejected French plans for including up to three German divisions in the Atlantic Pact organization.

> They would be no more than cannon-fodder for the Soviet offensive (he continued). No military leader of any status would appeal to soldierly German youth to throw itself beneath the Soviet *Panzers* at some Thermopylæ between Elbe and Rhine—in order that Western neighbours might sleep in safety a few nights longer.

> Manteuffel considers that the defence of the West must be strong enough to hold for at least half a year—until the United States could bring its powerful forces into play. . . . There must be created an armoured German core (*Kerntruppe*) together with light forces to an overall total of thirty divisions. . . .

Such statements, and especially the last, gain weight in Western Germany to-day, not so much because of the military authority with which they are made, as because many Germans believe that this is precisely the aim towards which Western policy is discreetly moving. Evidence accumulates, furthermore, that the demilitarisation of the Federal Republic has begun to go into reverse. It appears, for example, that the Americans have lately put down 47 million DM (about £4,250,000) for the building of barracks and an aerodrome on the Seemenbackwiesen near Büdingen in Upper Hesse. Several firms in the Ruhr are said to be making a special steel, known as PSt, which was used only for arms production during the war. Revisions of Law 24 (Demilitarisation) by the High Commissioners on June 3 permit the production without licence of several potentially warlike chemicals, as well as of optical and electro-chemical instruments, hitherto forbidden, such as wireless transmitters, navigating gear, and submarine-detection apparatus. Part of the Blohm and Voss works at Hamburg are understood to be assembling armoured fighting vehicles, and manufacturing spare parts for these, to the order of the occupying forces. Toleration of movements such as the *Bruderschaft* is taken as implying Western approval; and it is hard to see how it could be taken as anything else.

But it would be wrong to think that most Germans desire their own rearmament. As well as the Communists, who daily denounce *Remilitarisierung*, the general opposition to it includes the Social-Democrats and many non-radical groups and peace organisations, such as the Stuttgart *Friedensring*, which speaks for 45 such bodies in Württemberg-Baden. The Evangelical Bishop of Baden, Dr. Bender, has come out strongly against rearmament. So has Pastor Niemöller, who has called for a return to the Potsdam Agreement. The courageous chairman of the Catholic Centre Party, Frau Helene Wessel, announced lately that her party was uncompromisingly against rearmament. The non-party press is full of such opinions.

Two quotations may give food for thought. The first is from the conservative *Stuttgarter Zeitung* of as long ago as December 6, 1949. Under the heading, "Mercenaries Wanted," Helmut Lindemann wrote:

> It is quite grotesque, at a time when the three Western Governments continually state and restate that the rearmament of Germany or Germany's participation in the Atlantic Pact is completely out of the question, that the highest military advisers of these Governments, and quite a few of their influential politicians as well, should preach the contrary.

And the last word, for the moment, may perhaps lie with Major Erich Mende, a deputy of the Right-wing F.D.P., who won the Ritterkreuz and was twice wounded:

> I have buried more comrades-in-arms than there are members of this Federal Assembly, and among them my father and my brother. One can only shake one's head to-day, and marvel at attempts to recreate divisions which were driven at the end of the war like wild beasts to the slaughter.

There could be no place for such remarks as these if it were not for the fact that the Western Powers are allowing or encouraging the conditions for nationalist remilitarisation to emerge. But Lord Montgomery and other Western leaders who are generally believed in Germany to desire the early raising of a German army—whatever is done or not done in Eastern Germany—are likely to find themselves in strange company. And so, by the same token, is the British Labour Government.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Düsseldorf, June.

Why Miners Quit

Commenting on the implications of the problem of falling man-power in the coal-mining industry, a Correspondent last week drew attention to a disquieting factor in the decline—the high proportion of young men leaving the pits. In the following article a member of that important age group, who voluntarily took up coal-mining in South Wales, gives some of the reasons why "The Miner Vanishes".

COALMINERS still feel isolated. Their efforts at production are announced on the B.B.C., and their vital statistics on the front page of every newspaper; yet they know that their real difficulties, many of them arising out of the long battle with the coal owners, are still not understood. The pattern of the industry—complicated in its wage structure, its conciliation machinery, and its special problems of management—has developed out of that struggle.

It needs some knowledge of the coal industry to understand what my "butty" means when he remarks that "the trouble is that we are still working for the same bloody tyrants as we always have been." He is not in fact complaining that the higher executives of the Coal Board are recruited almost exclusively from the ranks of the ex-coalowners, nor that the ex-shareholders are still getting their cut, but that he is still working for the same overman, under-manager, and manager who all opposed nationalisation and all hold the same views on management as they did under the Powell Duffryn Co. The under-manager and overman are indeed often heard at moments of disagreement to say: "This bloody nationalisation." If they were tyrants before, have they changed their methods without changing their views?

On my shift, which is concerned with roof repairs and not actual coal production, and where a disgruntled workman has no immediate effect on tonnage at the pit top, this attitude of resentment at "tyranny" is particularly noticeable. The experience of one piece-worker friend of mine, who has the reputation of being one of the best workmen in the Lower Rhondda, gives a good illustration of outmoded management. Sometimes, by skill and hard work, he and his "butty", enjoying a good "place" at the face, had something like £27 on their joint pay docket for a six day week—earned by four days' piece-work and two days in odd half shifts and hours paid at a fixed time rate. Considering this total "too high," the under-manager tried to knock the time rate money off the docket, reducing it by perhaps as much as £5 and doubtless making his books look better for the N.C.B. Commenting bitterly that he "might as well sit on his arse half the shift as work and not get paid for it," my friend took the matter to the Lodge, and the dispute was eventually straightened out. But it should never have arisen; and men who "go to the Lodge about it" are apt to be shifted without explanation from good to poor "places." A prop-drawer I was working with last Sunday—a man of nearly 40 years' experience underground, and an ardent Labour Party supporter—said to me "I'd rather see my boy idle till he's eighteen than have him down this bloody hole."

Here in South Wales many considerations deter a boy from becoming a miner, but the attitude of his relations who have spent their lives in the pits is much the most important influence. The problem is two-fold. First, there is the local boy, who lives at home and only gives his mother part of his wages. Usually he is a boy who has just finished his period of national service, and who wonders whether to join what the posters call Britain's Number One industry. For him, the advice of friends and relatives—Dad, or uncle Ianto the roadman—is all-important. If they advise against the mines, the only person who will try to alter the decision will be the local juvenile employment officer, who will back up the posters with persuasive arguments. True enough, the pay for beginners is not bad; and there are the N.C.B.'s schemes for education and training. Eventually, if he is lucky, a young miner may get a place "on the coal" and earn, until he is 35 or so, a very high rate of pay—anything from £8 to £16 a week. But he will be doing the hardest, dirtiest, and least healthy job in Britain to-day.

On a long-term view, the chances of promotion are small. The N.C.B., we are told, has launched a famous "Ladder Plan" for training and promotion. So far, all we know is that there are about 18 officials to 250 men in our pit, and the road to under-management or an engineer's job is hard and narrow. After the age of 35 the outlook for the unpromoted miner is bleak. By this time the man's health will probably have been seriously impaired. Apart from Bank Holidays and one week's paid holiday a year, there is little chance of relaxation. The present general working is 11 or 12 days a fortnight, which meant that the week-ends are not sufficiently

long to allow for more than pottering about in a garden if the miner is lucky enough to have one. Few men have the energy to play outdoor games regularly. There is no pension scheme in the mining industry; and a man works as long as he can, until, at the age of 68 or 70, he is forced to retire on the Old Age pension, paying for his coal at the full rate—the last straw to a bitter and disillusioned man.

The position of a recruit coming from another area is aggravated by the supreme difficulty of finding a place to live. There are, it is true, official hostels where for 35s. one may take two meals a day and share a Nissen hut with 11 others, who may be working on day or night shifts, and all the public rooms usually have loudspeakers attached to a radiogram. This Butlin's Camp atmosphere—complete with table tennis and billiards tables—is all very well for a short time, but becomes unbearable after a few months. The alternative is to find lodgings—a difficult task. I come home every morning, very dirty, at 6.50, and need quiet in the house all day if I am to sleep; but this is not the main trouble. The real difficulty is that anyone in receipt of an Old Age or Widow's pension has the allowance docked by the amount of their earnings. Thus all those most able and willing to take lodgers gain nothing financially by doing so. I count myself lucky to Box and Cox with my landlady's children; and a lively seven-year old makes life amusing, but homework difficult.

Then there is the question of night work. Coalmining is one of the few industries where regular night work is paid at the same rate as day work. Before the 5 day week the night worker always had the privilege of 6 days' pay for 5 days' (*i.e.*, nights') work, and it would seem to be common justice that night work should be compensated, particularly as day men can work a short shift on Saturday morning for their overtime shift, and it hardly interferes with their weekend. A night worker who does a six-shift week hardly sees the light. Young married men object to regular night work, very naturally, and often stop their training when they marry if the job involves night work. With the introduction of the new coal plough and two coal shifts, many more men are wanted on night work, and this may be a major problem. Surely a rise of 20 per cent for night workers would not be unreasonable, and would only approximate to ordinary trade practice.

To make coalmining a career that men would wish to take up should not be too difficult a matter. I am amazed at the number of men willing to work underground and the number of miners who are passionately interested in their work. It is high time the N.C.B. went out to the miners, and looked for their grievances and tried to right them. Small things like having pay dockets that no man can easily check themselves could be put right tomorrow. There should be a pension scheme. And why cannot those pit-head baths be built? If there is a reason why they cannot, miners should be told why. If we must have the old bosses, why cannot the Minister make them understand that in future the men must come first?

ANTHONY BARCLAY

Public Books

WHEN the first Libraries Bill was on its way through Parliament a century ago, one of its chief opponents was a certain Colonel Sibthorpe, who had "not liked reading when at Oxford" and saw no reason why public money should be spent on encouraging others to read. Unfortunately, this view still prevails among a number of Local Authorities to-day. Memories of the time when a ½d. or 1d. rate was the limit which could be spent on library provision die hard, and the libraries are still too often the Cinderellas of Council estimates. Yet the figures show that the public library is playing an increasing part in a steadily growing number of people's lives. Registered borrowers, for example, in the ten years between 1939 and 1949 rose from 8,936,927 to 12,000,000; book issues increased by 20,000,000; book stocks from 32,500,000 to 42,000,000. As a result in many cases facilities are strained to the utmost and the services provided are quite inadequate for a modern library. In one metropolitan borough, for instance, book issues have risen from 470,000 before the war to 1,642,000 in 1949, while the number of readers has increased by nearly 25,000. Yet, except for the addition of a small branch library (an adapted air-raid shelter) it has not been found possible to extend accommodation in any way.

The low estimation in which Local Authorities generally hold their libraries is revealed only too clearly in their expenditure on books. The average for the country as a whole in 1947-8 was the disgracefully low figure of 8½d. per head of the population, or 2/9 per borrower. Broken down into good and bad, this might mean, in boroughs of over 150,000 population, 1/4½ per head of the population or 6½d.; in counties 1/6 or 3d. It is obvious that a great many local Councillors do not consider an adequate book fund a matter of importance.

The struggle of Edward Ewart and Joseph Brotherton to get the Libraries Act through Parliament in 1850 was influenced by the rising tide of workers' education in that period, exemplified by the Mechanics Institutes and other bodies, where enthusiasm was keen but money for books scarce. In actual fact, the first Act did little to help such students, as the ½d. rate had to be expended on buildings, not books, and indeed could only be spent at all if at a meeting called specially for the purpose the majority of rate-payers present were in favour of it.

Since 1945 a number of new factors have contributed to the libraries' growing popularity. Full employment and more leisure have encouraged people to read, while cramped living quarters and a rising cost of living make them prefer to borrow rather than to buy books—a habit which may also have originated during the war when books were so difficult to obtain. For many middle-class people, too, the public library has usurped the place of the private subscription library. Furthermore, the raising of the school-leaving age, combined with the positive policy of many schools in seeking to acquaint their pupils with the use of libraries, is bearing fruit.

These conditions are mainly here to stay. Instead of being the pariah of Local Government Committees, the Libraries Committee has now a steadily growing responsibility to the public. The public libraries should (in a few cases they do) become the cultural focus of the community, serving all sections of the population, from the very young to the old. The development of special children's libraries under trained officers; the growth, sporadic but increasing, of gramophone libraries; the sponsoring of local art exhibitions and lectures; proper equipment for quiet and study—all these are part of the true function of a modern library. At present, only those few Councils that built adequately before the war can properly fulfil their function. The others are seriously hampered by lack of space and (with a general rise in rates over most of the country) by the desire of Finance Committees to cut down costs. Staffing also offers difficulties: the turnover among junior staff tends to be very high, partly, no doubt, because of the low pay compared with outside commercial jobs. At the present time an average of only 25 per cent. of the staff employed in the Public Libraries is qualified, and many libraries are considerably under-manned.

With increasing prestige and public demand, however, some of these difficulties may be overcome. One pointer to the libraries' rising status in official eyes is the new power conferred on London Local Authorities to acquire land for libraries by compulsory purchase. The next step is to persuade Councillors that, even with the present housing shortage and building costs, the need for adequate permanent libraries merits careful consideration. The spiritual descendants of Colonel Sibthorpe still stand in need of conversion.

PEGGY CRANE.

So They Say . . .

IN these days of high taxation it is comforting to reflect that any week an assiduous and extremely lucky newspaper reader might profit by nearly £7,000, tax-free, from that most tried and trusted of Fleet Street's aids to circulation—the competition.

The biggest prizes are offered in the Sunday newspapers, and the biggest of these is the £2,000 in Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Empire News* for guessing the position of a football which has been carefully deleted from a photograph. The same paper offers £500 for arranging 12 fashions "in order of merit," and another Kemsley paper, the *Sunday Chronicle*, runs a £1,000 crossword puzzle.

The *Sunday Dispatch* has a £1,000 contest which involves identifying "holiday spots" from words and pictures, and the *People* a £1,000 crossword competition. The *News of the World* Fashion Contest pays £500. Several other papers, from the *Sunday Times* downwards, offer small prizes for their crosswords.

In the daily field the cash prize competition, usually an intermittent feature, has lately been playing a more prominent part in the circulation struggle. First the *Daily Mail*, and then the *Daily Graphic*, announced £1,000 snapshot

competitions (first prize £250). The *Daily Express*, without offering big money, specialises in competitions such as "The girl with the most paintable face," first prize £25.

The *News Chronicle*, whatever its need of a stimulant, sticks timidly to modest three-guinea prizes for "household hints," while the *Daily Herald* depends on the loyalty of its readers rather than catchpenny "capitalist" competitions. The *Daily Mirror*, with the largest circulation already, apparently feels itself able to do without competitions altogether.

The only paper which tries to persuade its readers that it is better to give than to receive is the *Daily Worker*. It reserves space on its front page every day to ask for donations to its "Fighting Fund."

Where East Meets West

Daily Telegraph, June 26—

COMMUNISTS INVADE SOUTH KOREA—
TANKS 12 MILES FROM CAPITAL

Daily Worker, June 26:—

KOREAN REPUBLIC IS INVADED
U.S. PUPPETS ATTACK

There Will Be No Peace

"Once more the enemies of the British Commonwealth seek to destroy us . . . they have a new and most dangerous weapon . . . [It] is the third attempt . . . in five years. It may be the last. If we lose this struggle for independence, all is lost. . . ."

These back-to-the-wall words are by Lord Beaverbrook himself, from Canada, and were printed in the *Sunday Express* and repeated in Monday's *Daily Express*. Their subject: the Schuman Plan.

The Last Laugh

Daily Worker, p. 1, June 14:—

DAILY HERALD IS USED TO RECRUIT 'BLACKLEGS'

The *Daily Herald*, official organ of the Trades Union Congress, yesterday carried an advertisement asking for sheet metal workers to apply for employment at a factory where an official dispute is in progress. . . .

Daily Herald, p. 1, June 16:—

WALK-OUT AT THE WORKER

AUTOLYCUS

THE ECHO AND THE SHIVER

THERE are cracks in the Albert Hall. Of course. They would cost a mere £40,000 (or is it £400,000?) to mend. Find it, then. But the Albert Hall must not, quite, go.

What other edifice in London could have housed Carpentier knocking out Beckett, Mrs. Aimée Semple Macpherson and her angels, the Peace Pledge Union and the Primrose League, Solomon or Schnabel playing Beethoven, Mr. Larry Adler the harmonica—spectacles so diverse, if equally delicious; to say nothing of the Chelsea Arts Ball, Sir Oswald Mosley, Women's Institutes singing Blake's *Jerusalem*, Hiawatha in all his glory, the Allelujah Chorus (standing), and rallies and revivals of this or the other world for every week of the year? How can it go? To "take the Albert Hall" remains one of the few large gestures open to an Englishman who wishes to splash himself decorously for an evening.

And in 1944, with Queen's Hall in ruins, the Proms. added yet another tie. No doubt they should have been there all along. To the delight of the ordeal by perspiration was now added the Echo. That Echo, for so long the fascination of mathematicians and poets, has become part of our musical culture. Without it we should hardly know our three B's. It is the mirror that swells the banquet. It reinforces Wagnerian strife, it sends up song-birds over the Chopin garden; Sibelius's trumpets snarling out of fjord mist find here their answering shore; and if Berlioz were alive to-day he would so amaze us with winds let loose and bands in the belfry that it would seem Judgment Day indeed. Possibly at this very moment, who knows, that Albert Hall Symphony is being indited which shall hold to the ear, as in a giant shell, the euphonious roar of all London.

These are calls to a younger generation. We can only sit aside, in box or on bank seat, to listen reminiscently, hopefully; and perhaps, when we're old and deaf, a chair will be provided in the gallery (or top promenade, as I believe it's called), from which we shall *see* the Spectre that at the least stir of violin or voice chases madly along predestined paths. I see her already—it is she, of course—a gentlewoman, although spectral, of slender means, high ideals and uncontrollable passion. Hither she rushes, thither she returns, answering every call, never reluctant and always just (if only just) in time.

Meanwhile, pleasure enough awaits the concert-goer who, attending, may not feel equal to *joining in*. There is, for inspection, the larger London musical public. There are the three tiers of a hundred or so boxes, each providing an illumination of our cultural life. In some the auditors sit as though at church; others—reminding us of that age-old association of "sporting and dramatic"—show a deployment of opera-glasses, programmes, and gloves; many a tableau is divided, an earnest Bulawayan, for example, being flanked by his eager host and hostess who flip their remarks across him. Sometimes, too, one catches the person or persons obviously arrived on the wrong night, expecting bruises or salvation, and getting Brahms.

One of my most ineffaceable memories of an Albert Hall Prom. is attached to Brahms' Second Symphony. The trouble with Brahms is, simply, that one hears him too often. During the performance I found myself more and more engaged (while not neglecting the antics of the Lady upstairs) with a box on the further side of the Hall. It took me most of the first movement to determine the details: two silk-cased matrons seated in front, the chair between them vacant, and at the back a small table with flowers; at this table a gentleman trying to loll back in a very upright chair and reading a magazine. It might have been *Punch*, so serious did he look; even at that distance, however, I was able to infer one of the glossier weeklies much concerned with red carpets and stables. After a while, something in the pages of this magazine changed the situation: electrically, if intangibly, one was aware of it. The gentleman, who up to that moment had been seeking to make himself comfortable, with legs, in fact, on the table, suddenly stiffened, so as almost, on his perilously balanced seat, to fall backwards. He had seen something. The shiny page before him had revealed—what? At that instant the top notes soared, and the overhead Lady made one of her memorable rushes.

When I looked again, the gentleman was floored. I thought at first he had shot himself: something very like a revolver shot (the cymbals, I had taken it to be) had accompanied the *sforzando*. But why did the ladies pay no attention? Were they waiting till the end of the movement? Would they turn round with an "Oh, dear" or "Harry, how *could* you?" followed by comfits, smelling salts, etc.? No. The head (all that was visible) stirred. Brahms's second or third movement ended. The ladies, ignoring the prone figure at their back, inclined a little together from their corners to exchange—obviously—some musical approbation. *Drunk as usual* might have been the tenor of their disregard. Or perhaps they had no connection—and no intention of implying one—with this almost submerged object of scandal. Then old B. was off again at his most magnetic, and when again I looked, the gentleman—drunk or dying, triflingly grazed, bored at last to death—had vanished.

If the Albert Hall went, don't you see, so much more would go too: a landslip involving half Kensington, and all that musicotropic breed which swarms to concerts without being too pedantically bent on listening. Architecturally, the Memorial across the way would fall, followed by Queen Anne's and Artillery Mansions, St. Pancras Hotel, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Cathedral, the Prudential Building, Harrods, and goodness knows what else. A trifling £40,000—or £400,000—will save all this.

And where, if it went, would Echo go? Would she forever, wailing Galli-Curci high notes and supplying a counterpoint to Kreisler, haunt the neighbouring Gore? Wouldn't the streets finally damp her? Could she be guided along tunnels to a new home in the colonnaded halls of Science? Echo! Echo!

Yet even with it all, like the gentleman in the box, vanished—Albert flat, Echo fled—there's the consolation that London musical tradition would survive. The Festival Hall going up at this moment on the South Bank has been situated (one is gratified to note) within 20 yards of the Charing Cross Bridge. To and fro every few minutes trains will pass; that they may not seem to pass through the auditorium itself, a double casing of walls is promised. But sound-proof as this may be, what of the momentary earthquake as Dover express or Caterham local gathers speed? Won't there be at the very least a Shiver? I think, from my experience of London concert-going, we may count on a Shiver. At solemn moments such a trembling will pass over everyone, from whale-boned old hostesses, mesmerised lovers, and students with scores to the critics evaluating whiskeys in bars, and from the great orchestra and the great conductor to the great composer himself, turning over in his grave, that our grandchildren will salute us for having bequeathed to them our irrepressible ecstasy. We received an Echo; we pass on a Shake. What more, as a musically proud nation, could we boast?

G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

KANDINSKY AND KLEE

IT is a useful coincidence that one of our few Klee exhibitions (Mayor Gallery) should have been held in the same month as London's first Kandinsky show (Gimpel Fils, where are 31 gouaches and watercolours of every phase from 1910 to the artist's death in 1944). These two painters made a more radical break with the renascence tradition than any other artists of the century: Kandinsky by a single decision which asserted the independent authority of colour, line, shape, space and movement; Klee by defying habits of composition 500 years old and asserting the importance of the independent image. To both artists Klee's words apply—"Art does not render the visible, but renders visible."

Klee's purpose was to symbolise the life, the potency, the particular essence of natural objects, of states of mind and of his personal fantasies directly through the graphic process without allowing the dimensions of paper or canvas, or aesthetic theory, or any consistency of style to weaken the force of what was to be made visible. "The elements (of graphic representation)," he wrote, "must produce forms, but without the sacrifice of their own identities. They should preserve themselves." Such a method went to the making of the Lascaux animals or the world in the margins of the Luttrell Psalter and Klee is closer to their makers than to any painter of the Modern period. "I want to be as though new born, knowing absolutely nothing about Europe." He reminds us that the whole of art is not repre-

bented in the pictures of Vermeer and Mondrian, Rubens and Renoir, Piero and Cézanne, Claude and Monet and that man's traditional custom of writings his enthusiasms and faiths into pictures may be diffused by aesthetics or a sense of history. And the way back to what Coomaraswamy has called an art of ministration is through the method of Klee rather than that of any other contemporary artist; but being what he was and born when he was, Klee did not as the Lascaux painters did, serve any social demand. Besides his work as a teacher at the Bauhaus in Kandinsky's company—he was a man of meditation and not a prophet.

In works like the "Four Sailing Ships" or the "Two Kiosks" in this show he created a graphic counterpart of the objects and their subjective presence. The proper experience of these pictures may be compared with that moment of awareness which sets a verbal metaphor operating in the imagination and indeed his work cannot be appreciated aesthetically, but only by an association with its subject. He explored the borderlands between the senses; here, for example, in "Little Performance to a Barrel Organ" and in "Hot Spot" where, with patches of stuffy reds and ochres, he applies more intuitively that vocabulary of colour which Kandinsky used theoretically. He transferred objects or people into a new or unfamiliar way of life and invented a meeting place for the logical and the metaphysical—in "New Crystal"; he destroyed the logical barriers between persons and things. He is child-like—a dangerous word—in his refusal to be bound by any visual logic or by scientific probabilities—like a child he might change his leaden geese into a troop of marching grenadiers and fire at them with a pencil. He is a literary painter in so far as his subjects have some imaginative significance before they are represented.

Having suggested his ideographic method, it is impossible to find any generalisations to describe his art; each picture deserves a different description and interpretation. But he was essentially a draughtsman with a miraculous gift for bending a line to symbolise any creature, organism, mood or situation.

It is easier to generalise about Kandinsky; for once the decisive question with all its implications—"What is to replace the object?"—had been asked in 1908, he spent the rest of his life evolving a language of forms which did not represent the visible world, but which made visible the spiritual world—and he used that word and the word "soul" quite unreservedly—which is contained within physical properties of abstract colour, shape and movement. "The ground-note of black is a silence with no possibilities . . . the silence of black is the silence of death." A blue circle "moves into itself like a snail retreating into its shell and draws away from the spectator". These sentences from "*Uber das Geistige in der Kunst*" (in a recent revision of Sir Michael Sadler's translation of 1913) indicate the direction of his thought. If Klee's prime innovation was to restore the importance of the independent image, Kandinsky's departure, apart from the abandonment of the object, was to remove the ground from the world behind the picture plane and project his forms into a space which could be extended into infinity in every direction. In No. 23, for example, the three linear triangles which give the picture its title, operate like the sun in a planetary system, holding in their place, against a black background, the other forms which make up the picture. It is in such later works as these and the oil paintings of the same last period that his language really becomes expressive. In the concluding paragraphs of his book he wrote "An expression of a slowly formed inner feeling, tested and worked over repeatedly and almost pedantically. This I call a 'Composition.' Reason, consciousness, purpose plays an overwhelming part." Until the middle thirties the compositions are so calculable that like all incomplete art they assume a "period" appearance; they are very much a part of the age whose harmony, as he said, consisted of "Tottering principles, unexpected assaults, great questions . . . broken chains, antitheses and contradictions." The paragraph goes on "But of calculation nothing appears: only feeling." In the later pictures there is such feeling, and it is easier to justify the truth of abstract art in the mature works of Kandinsky than in those of any other abstract painter.

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ALDEBURGH

AMONG the competing festivals of Europe, that of Aldeburgh has an informality and a local flavour all its own: something more like a Canterbury Cricket Week than a convocation of musicians. Lazy trains trundle across the Suffolk meadows, and decant upon the Aldeburgh platform visitors evidently familiar with *Peter Grimes*, and at first a little surprised by the pretty colours of the houses along the sea front, with their light balconies and lattice-work. Closer to expectation are the steep shingle and the grey, uninviting sea; the coastguard tower, the harbour with its bobbing boats, and the ancient Moot Hall down almost on the beach; but if the visitor demands to be shown *The Boar*, or the cliff down which the unfortunate apprentice fell, he will draw a blank. As at most festivals, he finds his days full enough without sight-seeing; but the smallness of the place and the accessibility of everything, together with the variety of the entertainment offered, combine to prevent the feeling of satiety and exhaustion so familiar elsewhere.

People naturally think of this Festival as a one-man show; and certainly it owes its existence entirely to the genius and practical ability of Benjamin Britten. But its scope has grown to be remarkably wide. This year Rotterdam University sent over its choir and orchestra to give a complete performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* which seems to have made a deep impression on those who heard it. The other arts, too, are handsomely remembered. There is Cotman and Henry Moore to look at, and Sir Kenneth Clark to expound the latter's sculpture with his usual clarity and distinction. There is Mr. E. M. Forster, perfectly at home in the reader's desk of an 1820 Baptist Chapel, from which he delivers an amusing and deceptively casual discourse on the peculiarities of John Skelton, the scurrilous Rector of Diss. And there is Miss Edith Sitwell, a festival in herself, whether she is lecturing on Modern Poetry, or reciting, with incomparable elegance and beauty of intonation, her own *Façade*. This lyrical performance, in which William Walton conducted his youthful and witty score, surprised those who associate *Façade* with the brilliant Bren-gun velocity of Constant Lambert. No actress on the present English stage, with the possible exception of Edith Evans, can declaim so finely as Miss Sitwell; and I wish the B.B.C. would invite her to undertake some great tragic role over the air.

Britten's chamber operas naturally form the mainstay of the Festival; and this year we had the little piece for children (charming, once the rather flat spoken part is over) and his realisation of *The Beggar's Opera*. Despite unfailing ingenuity and many exquisite moments of lyrical decoration and expansion, I cannot count this among his successes; it seems long and curiously low-spirited, largely, no doubt, because of the inaudibility of almost all the words in the more rapid airs; some of the jollier tunes, too (such as "Fill every glass") never fight free of their over-elaborate settings. A short, but very striking, new work by Britten was introduced during a chamber concert at which William Primrose was the principal performer. This was *Lachrymae*, for viola and piano, describing as "Reflections on a song of John Dowland." The opening of the song ("If my complaints") is adumbrated with whispering recitatives for the muted viola and strange blurred passages for both instruments which a painter might liken to scumbling; in the later variations, after some bare but muscular writing in soft octaves, a wonderful slow crescendo is built up, flowering at last into a quiet statement of Dowland's own ending. The whole piece, though not at first hard to grasp, is held together by the same "tension" of which Sir Kenneth Clark had spoken in describing Moore's forms: the listener is led irresistibly forward, and the end brings release and emotional fulfilment. It may be that *Lachrymae* heralds a new direction of Britten's pure and brilliant talent, one of the sources of which was suggested to us, on the next day, by the fine woodwind *Divertimento* (1938) of his teacher, Frank Bridge. Here, the clarity of form and texture, even the decorative loops and festoons, reminded us constantly of passages from *The Rape of Lucretia* and *Albert Herring*.

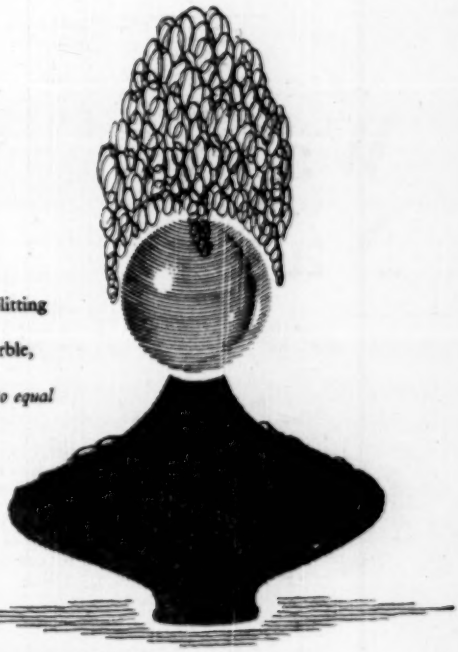
DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE LONG-PLAYING RECORD

I CAN see few reasons why discophiles should not be heartily thankful that LP has come here at last. Decca are first in the field, with some fifty records, which are now ready; as many more are to follow next month. The discs themselves are extremely thin, light and pleasant to handle; and since the material is flexible it would probably withstand the average minor accident. The storage problem therefore will in future be greatly facilitated, although no less care than hitherto must be taken to prevent warping. The prices, at present, 39/6 and 35/- for 12in., 29/6 and 26/6 for 10in. records. The equipment needed includes a motor capable of doing 33⅓ r.p.m., and a pickup fitted with a jewel slim enough to negotiate the microgroove. No doubt it will be some time before dual-purpose machines are put on the market in any quantity or variety; meanwhile, a record-player of the usual type, but fitted for LP discs, is available for use in connection with ordinary gramophones. Unfortunately, this—like some other modern machines—does not include a speed control, which in my view is an absolute necessity. The companies, I know, prefer to assume that the revolutions are in all circumstances constant. This is not so, for all electric current is subject to slight variations, which have the effect of moving the key of the music up or down a semitone and even more. This is intolerable to anyone with a sense of pitch, and it can easily be avoided by a speed control.

Apart from the one obvious advantage, others, almost equally great, are apparent in the best of the issues which I have heard. The surface is practically inaudible, and as for faulty pressings, the companies cannot expect to sell them, since the blemish (tock! or swish!) spoils an LP disc far more seriously than it does an ordinary record. In the U.S. complaints of deterioration at the centre of the disc have been frequent, but the present Decca issues are entirely exempt from this disheartening fault. A poor recording of course remains a poor recording, but a good one seems to gain in depth and realism of timbre, and to be remarkably free from the grosser form of distortion. In fact, the best LP recording is

Note this head of fine hair



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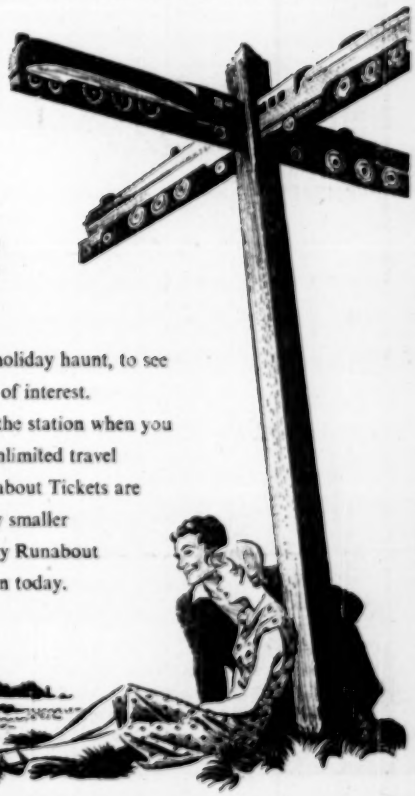

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In the first issue of LP some half-dozen records appear to me outstandingly successful. Bach's *Art of Fugue*, in an excellent version for orchestra; two of Bach's cantatas, hitherto unavailable, No. 11, *Praise our God*, and No. 67, *Hold in affection Jesus Christ*; Haydn's Symphony No. 99 in E flat; one of Bartok's most imaginative works, the *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta*. But those who want to sample the very best LP can as yet achieve, are advised to hear Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, in a new recording by the Suisse Romande Orchestra, conducted by Ansermet; and Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with that splendid artist, Ruggiero Ricci, in the solo part. The playing in both these sets is superlative and comes through with astonishing immediacy.

Of course there is a snake in this Eden, and that is the "recital" record, consisting of a number of songs or other miscellaneous pieces performed by the same (or even by different) artists. There are disquieting rumours that in the U.S. these horrible pot-pourris are ousting ordinary records altogether. It is to be hoped that this idiotic fashion will not catch on here. Surely one of the great advantages of the gramophone is that the listener can make his own programme. Who, then, will be found willing to pay the price of four K or M discs in order to get four or eight minutes of music he happens to want, *plus* ten or twenty minutes of music he doesn't want and may not even like? Who wants a record consisting (God help us!) of eight marches—or, for that matter, eight miscellaneous arias? Quite apart from the length of time that must elapse before anything like the present repertoire of recorded music is available on LP, the ordinary 78 r.p.m. disc will remain indispensable for the enormous quantity of short pieces we all want to hear—and separately!

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

TELEVISION NOTES

I have remarked before in this column upon the opportunities television might seize to develop public taste in the visual arts. Most of these endeavours, so far, have been perfunctory and abortive, but last week we saw a revelation of what can be done. In *Round the Galleries* Barbara Jones made a choice of paintings and sculpture and objects of art from current exhibitions in London, and in an absorbing twenty-minute session discussed the "points" of her selected items. Such similar demonstrations as I have previously watched were disfigured by many faults, but Barbara Jones avoided them all. She knew exactly what she wanted to say and did not dish out half-baked observations in hesitant and dishevelled sentences. The intimacy she established with her audience was not based on any peek-a-boo mannerisms but upon the presence, on our screens, of a woman of attractive appearance, personality and voice, talking with interest and authority. She cast no surreptitious glances at a script, yet never fumbled for a phrase. The credit for this exemplary programme should, no doubt, be shared with the producer, Jacqueline Kennish, for I imagine she is responsible, among other things, for the admirable epilogue in which we were told what buses to take to get to the Galleries concerned.

I wish there were similar progress to report in T.V. drama. The main dishes nowadays seem over-seasoned with homely sentiment—too much sage-and-onions and never a taste of the piquant tarragon. One offering was *This Land of Ours*, a maladroit parable designed to convince us that the Northern Farmer, Old Style, is better stuff than his feather-bedded children. The other major parable of the month was Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton*, a piece which surely has no social relevance any more and survives, if at all, as an amusing museum piece of bygone gentility. But it was played straight, with pompous solemnity, by a cast in which such excellent players as Raymond Huntley seemed to feel their position keenly—as, indeed, I did too, at the receiving end. This dolorous month of T.V. drama was partly redeemed by Val Gielgud's *Away From It All*—yet another parable but, at least, one distinguished by its plausibility, dramatic tension and dexterous dialogue. There has been a disappointing recession lately in televised drama, and I see ugly signs of an inclination to relapse into Light Programme standards. But the B.B.C., I suppose, knows who its main customers are, and my own survey of the rooftops confirms, alas, the melancholy fact that T.V. masts are usually close neighbours to aspidistras and dinky lace curtains.

The Summer festival of T.V. is in full swing, and I have nothing but admiration for what the ubiquitous cameras transmit from Lords, Wimbledon and the Royal Tournament. But some of the commentators have much to learn, especially those brought up on sound radio. There are several of them who try to steal the picture, or provide it with superfluous captions, and one of them offended so grossly during the recent Test Match that I switched off the sound and watched the game for myself.

W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"They Were Expendable"
"Treasure Island," at the Leicester Square

From a week almost bare of entertainable films I have been rescued, not for the first time, by post. New edition of Roger Marvell's *Film* (Pelican, 2s. 6d.), revised, enlarged, and brought up to date: the cheapest and best, the only, popular survey of its kind. Copy (unopened) of Italian film newspaper, badly written in three languages and addressed as always to "Mme Whilema Witebat." Request to lecture: no; lecture oneself, not others. Postcard from a lady asking for address of *Sequence* (19, Hanover Terrace Mews, London, N.W.1). *Sequence* itself, summer number, and the June *Sight and Sound*. The perusal of these two magazines, which get better and better, never fails to console, restore, reanimate nerves jolted on the tram-circuit of reviewing. How many excellent films (not at the moment meeting the eye) there are! And one such the Editor of *Sequence* has disinterred for a private showing, to which I am invited.

First, however, a film which everyone can, but in my opinion need not, see. The Walt Disney *Treasure Island*, leaving behind cartoon and imagination, comes out with that story-book "realism" which will be the joy, I suppose, of Woolworth counters for the next ten years. Mr. Disney travelled all the way to England for shots that capture a studio atmosphere better than if he had stayed at home. Stevenson's tale and characters have been respected, and Long John Silver is endowed by Robert Newton with more horrid lip-lickings and eye-twitches than might afflict a bar-fly marooned for a Sunday in Wales. The whole thing, in fact, with an air of being full-hearted, seemed to me somehow flat. But then, in this matter of pirates, perhaps I'm no judge; they *looked* alright, they hopped and yohoed, and Bobby Driscoll, as young Jim, preserved the right rapt apprehension, as though most of the time he were reading Stevenson.

The private view—and this, on the other hand, I wouldn't have missed for anything—was of John Ford's *They Were Expendable* (1945). It was first shown here soon after the war. I remember that then its documentary qualities impressed me; but in the years immediately preceding, so many films of live battle in the Pacific had come our way—so many men had pitched forward, not to rise after the camera had moved on—that no reconstruction such as this was, could start quite the same emotions. This jealousy for a sacred or tragic reality no longer obtains, and Ford's picture can be seen for what it is, perhaps the most moving and most faithful of all war films. Willingly now does one forgive its

faults, its slowness, its slightly muddled development. What I had remembered was the spectacle of P.T. boats in action, the hospital tunnel, the last aeroplane leaving Mindenao, and the "expendables" wading along a beach as they watch it soar away: what, seeing the film five years later, I found was as true and subtle a study of men thrown together by war as I have met in a cinema. Bit by bit we get to know them all, on and off duty, by repeated habits, looks or words as they go about their business; one by one, they disappear; there are four survivors, when at last the war in which they were written off as "expendable" overtakes them. To this tragedy Ford brings a natural pity and a restraint without flaw. He never insists. His characters, seeming to say nothing, have told everything.

It will be a crime if this film is not given a chance of the rediscovery it deserves. Meanwhile, our thanks to Mr. Lindsay Anderson and to M.G.M. who have made this one performance possible.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Shepherd's Warning," at the Embassy

The reactions in one of our stately homes to a Communist revolution could be material for satire, or even, from the humanist standpoint, tragedy. Mr. Beckwith has preferred to treat the theme with a buffoonery insulting to adult intelligence. His "revolution," represented by the C.P.'s attainment of a parliamentary majority, is brought to an end by a Tory-Communist coalition formed partly to wage war against Bulgaria, and partly to defeat a general strike led by the T.U.C. against wage increases. In "Longlaston Manor" this puerility unhappily lasts long enough for an embarrassing parade of childish caricatures—witless aristocrats (Kent County), adolescent Commissars (Huddersfield U.D.C.), a preposterous *tricoteuse* who used to cook for the duchess, and a prematurely disillusioned Trotskyist, acted with rare distinction by Miss Henrietta Watson, but apparently interpolated from some quite different play. Mr. Beckwith has yet to learn that there is a type of facetiousness which is distasteful because it degrades human dignity, and that cheap gags about Marxist "freedom," plus sniggers about the degree of pleasure derived by young women from bed, do not add up to comedy. I notice among the council of management of the Reunion Theatre Guild, who present this play, Brian O'Shaughnessy, Patrick Waddington, Terence Rattigan, Oliver Messel, George Fearon, Antony Birchell, Roy Rich. Do they know their names are associated with this rubbish? Two hours of *Shepherd's Warning* and Swiss Cottage tittering gave me the sensation of having been stuffed with saltless porridge, mixed by an unlovable adolescent with rather dirty fingers.

A. V.

"The Circling Dove," at the Unity Theatre

The Dove—some of Picasso's palette in its plumage—circles in this case over a general hospital in the Midlands. When Colonel Stanton arrives from the War Office with tidings of imminent Emergency and a scheme to free a hundred beds for military casualties by clearing out the hospital's "chronics," Dr. Grenfell and Mr. Nicholson, chairman and secretary of the Management Committee, capitulate—the one because he has no faith in the efficacy of revolt by individuals, the other because "the Government must know best." But Janet Linson, the Matron, rebels: unimpressed by Colonel Stanton's insistence that Britain, unprovoked, must join with America in war against the Soviet Union "because we know who our friends are," she declines firmly to collaborate. As the Colonel turns definitely nasty, she is on the verge of martyrdom; for Dr. Grenfell, overcoming a personal *tendresse* for Miss Linson, decides that, as Matron, she must be replaced. She is saved because news of the scheme leaks out; there is a riot among the "chronics" and their relatives; and the Colonel, with an eye on the *Daily Worker* (or is it the *Daily Mirror*?) cancels his plan. Much of what Mr. Irwin has to say in his play is emphatically worth saying; but—apart from the over-facile denouement—*The Circling Dove* has weaknesses. First, in terms of pure theatre, too little is made of the conflict of loyalties—in the doctor's case between love and "duty," in that of the Matron between job and idea. Then, in selecting a hospital as the terrain for propaganda against war, Mr. Irwin has made difficulties for himself. Even the Friends "collaborate" to the extent of nursing military casualties, and the case against capitalist warmongers is not strengthened by an appeal to sentimental feelings about elderly "chronics." Still, the play is written with sincerity and force, and the acting is up to the best Unity standard.

A. V.

Derek Hill, at the Leicester Galleries.

Derek Hill, who is holding his third exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, has not been officially a Euston Road painter, but he is related to that group by his realism and by his attention to slight transitions within a narrow range of tone. Some of the Euston Road painters passed through a period of abstraction and one of them, Victor Pasmore, has indeed returned to a vocabulary of abstract forms. They have always tended to impose upon the appearance of natural objects their underlying geometry. Derek Hill seems to be uncertain whether he should move towards the simplifications of Pasmore's Thames pictures, for example, or whether he should surrender to his natural talent for noting down small impressions of landscape in the manner of the earlier Corots. In these pictures of Italy and Ireland he has generally chosen subjects with a precise configuration and recorded, in a paint which is often a little too precious, a general mood of light and weather. When he tries to abstract from nature a strict pattern of shapes and planes, he may only too readily produce something as crude and elementary as No. 35, "Prefabs at Blackheath," for he has a slight command of structure, and fails consistently with the figure. His best painting comes in small details of observation which *live* among what are often inert surroundings, observations of light and tonal relationships. His best pictures are those very small ones in which such details do, in fact, constitute the subject. At the same gallery there is a group of paintings by Lucien Pissarro and some French landscapes by Didier Bereny awkwardly poised between impressionism and expressionism.

B. T.

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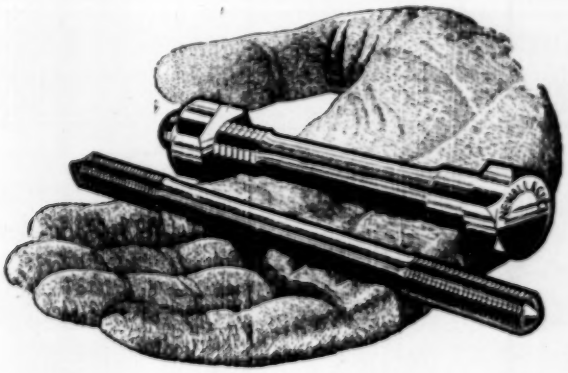

POSSILPARK C. P. Newall & Co., Ltd. GLASGOW, N

Correspondence

THE SCHUMAN PLAN

SIR,—The contention of your article, "Britain's Answer to M. Schuman," that the "proposed supra-national steel authority must be made responsible to someone . . . for policy" is quite right, and when you go on to say that the someone should be neither "an irresponsible capitalist cartel nor a mere inter-governmental committee on the lines of O.E.E.C." you are also right, but when you suggest the someone should perhaps be "something modelled rather on the tripartite structure of the I.L.O. with its direct representation of trade unions and capitalist groups as well as of governments," you are very definitely wrong. So is your argument that the success of such an authority depends on the State ownership or control of coal and steel.

Your article as a whole appears to be a bundle of contradictions. It argues in favour of supra-national integration and states categorically: "It is not in accord with the democratic principle of public responsibility that a supra-national authority should be responsible neither to national governments nor to national parliaments" (if it is a *supra*-national authority this is in itself ridiculous) "nor to any form of supra-national representative assembly." But what sort of a "representative assembly" is the I.L.O.? Its members, though no doubt admirable in themselves, are not elected and can speak only for employers, trade unions and governments. The all-important element of representative government, the people, is totally unrepresented.

Furthermore, when you state that "governments must have the power to impose the decisions of the [supra-national] authority on their own coal and steel industries," you are guilty of a contradiction in terms. A supra-national authority must impose its own decisions—after they have been democratically agreed to—and no government can in any case be trusted in the long run to impose such decisions if the time comes when it does not like them, as was shown only too clearly in the case of the ill-fated League of Nations. Since it is the supra-national, and not the national governments, which will be responsible for seeing that the decisions are carried out, nationalisation or national control becomes completely irrelevant.

The Labour Party knows perfectly well that, if the Schuman Plan is not to lead to a super-cartel, it must be put under the control of a political representative body. They also know that M. Schuman has stated that his Plan is intended as a first step towards European Federation. They know, too, that at this year's Assembly at Strasbourg the French will lead probably a majority of the delegates in planning the creation of what was last year unanimously agreed to be necessary, "A European Political Authority with limited functions but real powers"—that is, a supra-national authority; that is, a federation.

Our democratic Labour Party, because it cannot insist in advance that enough of the European peoples will vote Socialist to ensure a Socialist majority in the federal parliament, will have none of it. No doubt, if they *could* ensure a permanent Socialist majority, they would do all in their power to get it set up, forgetting entirely all their present, and in any case quite spurious, arguments that it would upset our relations with the Commonwealth or jeopardise full employment.

Special arrangements would have to be made (as has always been envisaged) for British participation in any European Federation so as not to upset our relations with the Commonwealth—which, incidentally, has never pronounced itself against our participation; on the contrary. No "sudden" removal of customs barriers has ever been suggested—another of Labour's full employment Aunt Sallies—but rather the gradual lowering and eventual abolition of such barriers after a period of trading relations organised by the supra-national authority.

Let us be quite clear and honest in our thinking. The Labour Party knows that European Federation is the ultimate aim, and must be the result, of the Schuman Plan. Because that federation may not be Socialist they repudiate it. Very well; that is for them to say. It is for the British people to decide whether such a short-sighted and undemocratic attitude serves their best interests, and whether, now that Europe is going forward to union with or without us, it would not be more to our advantage to join in.

F. L. JOSEPHY
Chairman of the Executive.

Federal Union, 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

PEACE CAMPAIGN

SIR,—In a letter free from the slightest trace of bourgeois objectivism, Mr. Archibald Robertson argues that the Kremlin-inspired peace conferences must not waste time discussing "Russian policies" since the only danger of war emanates from U.S.A. His claim that Moscow would not dream of military aggression squares neither with the facts nor with Stalin's own statement of his global strategy. The facts are that, in 1940, U.S.S.R. made a wholly unprovoked attack on the three Baltic States, whose independence Lenin had recognised; having annexed them, the Soviet Imperialists have by murder and deportation reduced their populations by approximately one-third. Since 1939, Russia has seized from eight European States territories totalling 274,000 square miles with a population of 24½ millions. Moreover, Stalin himself has written that the Soviet Union will "stand up against the remaining capitalist world, raising revolts in those countries . . . in the event of necessity coming out even with armed force." "Necessity" here is not restricted to defence of the Soviet Union—it includes such necessities as the invasion of South Korea by Stalin's puppet Northern Government.

Mr. Robertson refers to "that country whose public men have actually advocated preventive war," meaning U.S.A. Disingenuously he omits to add that this is because American citizens have the freedom of advocating policies which their Governments have never entertained—a freedom unknown in U.S.S.R. His reference to "bases" overlooks Russia's bases in the satellite countries, and ignores the fact that in the vital Arctic Circle Russia has more bases than have the free nations. When next suggesting that the American people "see witches in every university," will he not have the common honesty to give the total number of dismissals from American universities of men suspected of Communist propaganda—*and also* the total of dismissals in Soviet and satellite universities of Socialists, Liberals, Conservatives and dissident Communists, adding also innocents such as Professor Ogolovets, formerly of Moscow University, dismissed for an alleged heresy in a history of acoustics?

Finally, his assertion that war is Public Enemy Number 1, with its implication that peace must be maintained *unconditionally*, could be made only by an absolute pacifist, or by one suffering from exceptional timidity or by a dishonest propagandist. The majority of respectworthy people prefer justice and freedom to peace and safety. So thought the Britons who fought against Franco in 1937. So thought the British people when, in 1940, they stood alone against Stalin's ally, Hitler. And, maugre Mr. Robertson and his phoney peace conferences, so think the majority of British people to-day.

81 Arcadian Gardens, N.22. C. A. SMITH

ACADEMIC LIBERTY

SIR,—Your article on "Academic Liberty" is certain to dishearten many courageous American professors who look to Britain for sorely needed encouragement in their struggle for the continuation of academic freedom in the United States. Your comments on "disclosure of bias" and the "Communist who conceals, etc.," confront these men with substantial approval of the prologue to those tragic experiences that now dog their footsteps and disturb their universities.

This comes at a time when such professors need more and more support. None would be more welcomed at this moment than some communication to the effect that it is clearly understood here that implementing these concepts of "disclosure" and alike brings into the life of the university State intervention into administration and teaching; police, private detectives, and paid informers, loyalty oaths, perjury trials and tenure hearings; and, consequently, that these concepts are being vigorously resisted here. Regrettably, your article conveys precisely the opposite impression. AMERICAN IN LONDON

[We were writing of conditions in Britain where a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party may retain a professorship. Where, as in the United States to-day, a charge of Communism—or even an unsubstantiated allegation of sympathy for Communism—may, in itself, lead to speedy dismissal, it would clearly be absurd to demand that a Communist teacher should disclose his political affiliation.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SCHOLARSHIP BOY

SIR,—I have been head teacher of county primary mixed schools for fifteen years, but it is only in the last year that the problem of class differences has arisen. For a number of reasons, chief among them being the parents' desire to give secondary grammar education to their children, we now have in my school pupils from many types of homes. The cost of living is obviously making it impossible for many parents to pay the high fees demanded by private schools, and so they come to us. Another factor is the parents' ready appreciation of the solid progress made in the curriculum of the junior school in recent years. It seems to me that "Scholarship Boy" gives prominence to a state of affairs that is mercifully very rare in this country. I do not imagine that discerning readers will assume that these conditions are to be found everywhere, but there is always the danger of proceeding from the particular to the universal. No one, I think, is quite free of it. Perhaps your readers would be interested in two children who have come to us recently, who might fairly be described as middle class. First there is Mary Smith (name fictitious) who comes from a very well-to-do home and is driven to the school gates each morning by her mother.

Mrs. Smith has visited me twice, and emphasised each time that Mary "loves her class and her teacher." I have watched carefully for any signs of

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Dear Sirs,

I am interested to read that you are now able to arrange for 1lb. parcels of your lovely tobacco to be sent ex-Bond, Overseas. I hope this is one of the lands to which you can despatch! It should be.

Before the War, in New Zealand, I always smoked Barneys "ReadyFills" and enjoyed them to the full. Now in the wilds of Africa I find good pipe tobacco hard to come by . . . Do you still produce the "ReadyFills"? They are excellent for me! I would like to be able to get regular supplies.

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strife or friction, but I have not seen any. There are a dozen or so similar girls, and I've not seen anything to cause me any anxiety.

About half my children come from poor homes, from the narrow, mean streets of the poor quarter of the town. Mary is apparently accepted as just another little child of eight by these children and so far I have not seen any reactions to the magnificent car, the expensive clothes, or the strange accent. Since reading "Scholarship Boy" I have asked her teacher what the class think of her, and the reply was that she is quite popular.

Mary is well-mannered and soft spoken, and, although she is a little subdued, she is obviously very happy. The second child I shall describe is a boy of nine, who is typical of thirty or so other boys. Harry Robinson (name again fictitious) is the son of a local doctor and again accent, clothing, and all the usual differences are most marked. Harry is frank and fearless, and his teacher is devoted to him even though he is not very well behaved or bright. I've noticed that he joins ferociously in the gang warfare of the playground, evidently enjoying the freedom which we encourage, in moderation, in this school. He walks with me to school quite often in the morning, and I've had plenty of chances of detecting anything amiss. He tends to make friends with the other middle-class boys, but he is on affectionate terms with a number of the other boys too. Altogether, a lovable, happy and thoroughly mischievous boy. The stupid brutality of the teacher in "Scholarship Boy" is overdone, even as fiction, and those of your readers who were revolted by it may be assured that it is not generally found in our schools to-day.

F. T. EMLYN-DAVIES

36 Percy Road,
Wrexham.

THE POETRY SLUMP

SIR,—Poets, publishers and booksellers have bewailed the slump in poetry. Your review of George Barker's *News of the World* sent me to the bookshops last Friday morning. The first, a well-known bookshop in Museum Street, knew nothing of it, so I went to the likeliest bookshop in Charing Cross Road, had no luck, and drew a blank, too, in what I thought was the second likeliest. Then I tried the King's bookshop in Piccadilly, with no luck again. Here, as in the last two, I was told "We had a copy somewhere but it seems to have gone." So now I can say with some accuracy, "I couldn't buy a copy in London," and if not in London where the Muses could I hope to?

I know it isn't as simple as all that. My guess is that the bookshops took about three copies apiece and underestimated the demand by about one. But there is a real problem. Books ought to be accessible. I know the bookseller cannot sink more than a limited amount of capital in books for display—but somebody has tied up capital already if piles of the book are left at the publishers or the distributors. We might ask the Arts Council to set up a second Poetry Bookshop in London, though I suspect this sort of segregation of poetry books would be deadly. Perhaps we ought to examine from the beginning the whole business of the distribution and display of new books.

Ought I to add that, though I know Mr. Barker, I have not seen him these five years, and I have no link with his publishers? There's no collusion.

MONTAGU SLATER

18 Leadale Avenue,
Chingford, E.4.

AMERICAN FILMS

SIR,—It is certainly not a coincidence that a growing number of American films depict the baser aspects of life, and at the same time some of the finest creative brains there are being packed off to prison for standing by their principles.

The present American method is not original; the Nazis used films widely for brutalising the German people, and in 1934 the U.F.A. film workers in Berlin were forced to sign a document declaring that they were not Communists, nor "dupes" of the Communists, as an act of loyalty to show they were not "unGerman." The rest is history.

It is encouraging that, faced with similar demands from the un-American Activities Committee, ten courageous film makers stood their ground. Readers of your journal are not likely to believe that it cannot happen here, but with the prospects of Government encouragement to joint Anglo-U.S. film production in Britain, the need to help the "Hollywood Ten" takes on an urgent note.

CHRISTOPHER BRUNEL

First House, Bulstrode Way,
Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

CONTEMPORARY ARTS

SIR,—For some two years past the Institute of Contemporary Arts has been directing its activities in hired or loaned halls from a small office in Fitzroy Street. Its removal to premises in Dover Street, off Piccadilly, which will provide a spacious room to be used as an exhibition gallery and hall for discussions, lectures, recitals and 16 mm film shows, as well as a club (with bar), library and administrative offices, marks, therefore, a turning point and a fitting moment to beg the courtesy of your columns in bringing the Institute and its aims to the notice of your readers.

Official bodies and public organisations, which are gradually superceding private persons as patrons of the arts, tend to give their support to work of a kind already known and accepted, so that ever fewer opportunities exist for new forms of art to be seen and heard. Yet this opportunity must be given if art is to remain a living force in society. The Institute aims to become a foyer where creative experiments in the arts can be presented.

The I.C.A. seeks to promote the collaboration of all the arts—painting, sculpture, drama, music architecture, film, ballet—and will be a centre where artists, including those visiting London from abroad, may meet each other and their public, and discuss their mutual problems in a congenial atmosphere. A store of information will be available there relating to the arts in all parts of the world.

In order to establish the I.C.A. in its new premises, new members and financial help are most urgently needed. Those who support the Institute will have the satisfaction of knowing that they help to stimulate the most vital currents of art, and at the same time receive an adequate return in the entertainment and facilities offered by the Institute.

Details of membership may be obtained from the Director, Ewan Phillips, Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17–18, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.1. (Gro. 6186).

HERBERT READ
Chairman

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

SIR,—I do not know how Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe gained the impression that Katherine Mansfield "was not allowed to die" at Le Prieuré, Fontainebleau, which was the house of the Gurdjieff Institute. She certainly did die there. Miss Kathleen Raine is right.

Further, the implication of Mr. Ratcliffe's phrase is rather unfortunate. It suggests that Katherine Mansfield was harshly treated by Gurdjieff. This was not the case. Gurdjieff and his Russian followers treated her very generously, though (I think) unwisely, considering her condition.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

Lodge Farm,
Thelnetham,
Diss, Norfolk.

SERVICE FOR PEACE

SIR,—It is 15 years since the great Swiss internationalist, the late Pierre Ceresole, founder of the "Service Civil International," took a team of four European volunteers to assist in the rebuilding of Indian villages destroyed by the Bihar earthquake and floods. Their work left a living and potent memory, and their chief Indian collaborator at that time was the present President of the India Republic, Dr. Rajendra Prasad. Largely through his good offices "S.C.I." has been now again able to send a team of 6 workers, 3 Swiss, 2 British and 1 German, to help in the work of resettling refugees in the Delhi area. They have now been at work for three months and the reports received give an encouraging picture of the goodwill this enterprise is already engendering among those most closely concerned with it. The team, which includes one Englishwoman, is engaged on resettlement work at Faridabad, 17 miles from Delhi, where the men are working alongside Indians in hard manual work. There is also joint work being undertaken among the children of refugees. The volunteers, who include skilled and experienced workers, do not receive salaries, but the greater part of their maintenance on the field is borne by the Indian authorities, who have shown great interest in and sympathy with the experiment. But if, as we hope, other volunteers can be sent out, money will be needed to pay for their equipment and return passages—they are all pledged to remain for a minimum of 18 months—and such items as insurance and dependant's allowance. Moreover we have every hope of being able to undertake comparable work in Pakistan in the autumn. "S.C.I." has no desire but to help both countries.

The major responsibility for finding volunteers and these necessary funds has been assigned by the International Committee of "S.C.I." to the International Voluntary Service for Peace—the British Branch. It is hoped that many of your readers will wish to support this practical gesture of goodwill from nationals of a Europe increasingly conscious of its responsibilities to Asia, towards two great peoples who are eager to enter into frank and co-operative relations with the West. Contributions will be most gratefully received by the Honorary Treasurer, I.V.S.P., 3, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7, who will be glad to supply further information.

JOHN W. HARVEY
Chairman

International Voluntary Service
for Peace, 3, Cromwell Road,
London, S.W.7

AMERICAN SUMMER SCHOOLS

SIR,—Some of your readers who are visiting the United States this summer may be interested in one or another of the summer schools which American trade unions are arranging. I have full information on file, and should be pleased to advise anyone interested.

DAVID C. WILLIAMS,
London Representative

Americans for Democratic Action,
16 Queen Anne's Gate,
London, S.W.1.

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Books in General

THE literature of travel—it is well known—thrives on the unfortunate man. The worse things get for him, the more the reader likes it. Nothing is interesting until it goes wrong. But there is a difference between the unfortunate traveller who goes like pride before a fall, and the complete fool who trips on every wire and who goes from one booby trap to the next. The bodies of these ingenuous amateurs are found on mountains they have been warned not to climb, in jungles and deserts they ought not to have entered, in boats they ought not to have set foot in. They are not exactly greenhorns because they rarely graduate; they are not precisely clowns because their bruises really hurt; they are pathetics, often courageous, but too mute, mild and obstinate to be educable or to have room for imagination. Only one claim can be made for them: they are experts in suffering. The type is uncommon in literature, though some facetious and bumptious writers invent a clownish persona, and a great traveller like the French Caillié had a touch of the dumb modesty of the natural fool.

I think that Mr. John Caldwell* who tried to sail a 29 foot cutter alone across the Pacific is the only pure example of simple crassness I have ever come across in travel. This novelty, and the ability to write a plain narrative kinked by human absurdity and pathos, make *Desperate Voyage* one of the sea books I shall never forget. In its own way his story is just as tremendous and marvellous as the wild tale of the Kon-Tiki expedition; but where the Norwegians on their Polynesian raft were cunning and efficient beneath their folly, and left one feeling their inferior, Mr. Caldwell arouses laughter, anger, consternation and, in the end tears, as if one had had a vision of the wretched, silly state of human life on earth. In one respect *Desperate Voyage* is superior to the Kon-Tiki expedition; it contains a self-portrait which can be compared to Crusoe's, and so closely that once or twice I thought he might have cribbed. I do not think he has done so.

Mr. Caldwell is an American and was temporarily a merchant seaman during the war. The belief that the world, the sea, Nature herself, were merely friendly extensions of the decent side of American life and could be learned up from a book had given him his central superstitions. He did not see why the impossibility of getting transport after the war should keep a citizen from the arms of his young wife, the "blue-eyed Aussie girl" who was in Australia while he was in Panama; nor why a few hours on the quayside with a book called *How to Sail a Boat* should not qualify him to sail alone through the filthy piece of sea that lies between Panama and the Galapagos and then gradually on, hurricane-dodging, to Samoa and Fiji and Sydney. (He turned out to be right.) He had provisions. He had books like Laski's *Reflections on the Revolution of our Time* and Wm. Durant's *The Mansions of Philosophy*, Maupassant and the Bible—these, when disaster after disaster struck, were about the only things he did not eat when he was starving: he was to eat chamois leather, soap, cosmetics, engine oil, and a boot in their turn. No one would go with him, so he closed the instruction book and set out. In his introduction to the book Mr. Negley Farson rightly compares the departure to a scene from W. W. Jacobs. Starting up his engine and rushing to heave up the anchor Mr. Caldwell trips on the chain, is thrown overboard with the anchor round him, and when he comes up from the bottom of the canal, begins a farcical swimming chase after the cutter which has got away on her own. A group of longshoremen pleasantly study the interesting sight, wait for the boat to break up the small craft lying around, and see the lunatic navigator catch her only when she has frisked into a buoy. Climbing aboard, desperate to get away from his shame, he hauls up the sails he has never handled before. The farce steps up a point.

A facetious writer would have built up on this vulgar calamity. He would have seen himself as a comic and the reader prepares for the worst. One forgets that the true clown is a deeply serious, earnest and enquiring man: Mr. Caldwell was in the position of a puzzled human being who has had the first delicate intimation that he has bitten off more than he can chew. Perhaps, it would be wiser to haul down the sails and to try the engine. Perhaps it will be better on the open sea. In the canal he had made the disturbing discovery that a boat cannot be stopped like a car; in the open ocean he was to arrive at point number two: the sea is not flat. He is a simple writer of an innocent prose without the ambition to be journalistic. Once or twice I thought I caught a touch of literary mannerism when he writes of the weather being "morbid" or when he frequently refers to his fatal proneness to accident as "my wicked intuition" and to a cloud "like a behemoth" which he could hear "talking" as it came down on him. But this language is as genuine as his confusion in the cross currents that nearly wrecked him and drove him out of his mind on his first days out: and later on, when he is at the point of death, one sees why his writing has these inflections. He is a Baptist, a Bible reader. Intuition which led him from one nautical folly to the next, was clearly wicked, the tempter. He has become humbly aware, for the first time in his life, of the need for knowledge. His writing is the prose of a man who has been frightened out of his life, chastised and rechastised, till he is down on his knees screaming to God while the jib whips off, the mainmast goes, and the surf roars louder and louder at night, on something called a dead lea shore which he has never up to now heard of. Mr. Caldwell could not believe that he who was kind to the two kittens he had taken with him, who built a little house for a rat he found on the boat, who had, by now, remorsefully renounced the atheism he had learned at College in California, and who had only one idea—to get back "to the one girl in the world"—would be deserted by God. He knelt on the deck, broken, half senseless, always finishing with "As Thou Wilt."

Slowly, the golden ass became the hero. It never occurred to him to turn back. He mastered his wicked intuitions and set patiently and humbly to learn how to sail his boat, how to reef, how to take in a jib, how to get back if he were washed overboard, how to lash a tiller, how to listen for the roar of surf in the night. His follies became his instructors; having the cutter stove in by the fantastic misfortune of hitting a floating log, he beached the boat in the night on an unknown shore. But he was only at the beginning of knowledge; it had not yet been knocked into him that at sea, simply no chances whatever can be taken. His wicked intuition took a chance with a large shark. He harpooned it and got it on board to all appearance dead. It had old twisted teeth the size of fingers and was fifteen feet long. But the fish suddenly came alive and thrashed around the boat, smashed up the cockpit, wrecked the doors, got into the cabin, destroyed the engine, ruined the propeller, while the sailor unavailingly hacked at it with a chopper. It was an appalling battle among fountains of blood and flying wreckage. The shark was eventually killed; but the wrecking of the engine led directly to the crucial misfortune of the voyage.

What he ought to have done was to have gone into Balboa for repairs but his money was short, he was so very anxious to see his Mary, and he had been warned to get ahead of the hurricane season. In fact he was too late. A hurricane caught him. The best accounts of hurricanes in English literature are in *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Typhoon*; and Mr. Richard Hughes's *In Hazard* contains a brilliant documentary description which can stand beside Conrad's. Mr. Caldwell's account cannot be compared with these, but it impresses in a different way. We get from him the plain sensations of being alone in a hurricane in a smashed-up boat, in which, lashed passively to his bunk, the sailor is simply a wretched, half-dead, spewing thing, a dirty bit of life thrown about like something useless. The description is almost unbearably humble and, when it dares glance at the sea, fantastic. Mr. Caldwell had been fooled, frightened, knocked about, crippled before this; now he was just a tortured lump. And when the hurricane finished, starvation began, adrift in a helpless boat under a nearly useless jury rig. By starvation, he means that he had finished the soap, the leather, the engine oil and that there was for a month, simply nothing. Fate seemed to have no more screws to turn, but for a month or more—and alone, we must remind ourselves—Mr. Caldwell was slowly led from cavern to cavern of increasing anguish.

Our laughter has long ago gone. We have forgotten even his courage. We now marvel at the almost intolerable willingness of the human being to live, at the time it takes to kill a man. The account would be unendurable but for Mr. Caldwell's remarkable recollection of this time of semi-consciousness and for the drama,

* *Desperate Voyage*. By John Caldwell. Intro. by Negley Farson. *Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.

always ending in defeat, of his resourcefulness. There is one crowning episode. The boat is followed by sharks which come and scratch themselves on its side and watch the crawling sailor. He is too weak to stand for more than a minute or two and sleeps twenty-two hours of the day. In those weak, waking moments, dazed with hunger, he cuts himself a harpoon out of an old file: one gets the simple Crusoe note:

> I marked the rough outline of a heavily barbed spearhead on the section of steel. I commenced the long task of driving the saw, stroke by stroke along each mark. I watched the ceiling as I worked so I couldn't see the slow progress of the cutting. Each time I looked down I tried to be surprised at the few hair widths I had bitten away.

And then he gets his shark—only to see it devoured by the other sharks whose weight at last breaks his line:

> Below me gradually sinking into the hiding waters, was the gory feast. I watched it glimmer, and when it no longer glimmered I fell back on the deck boards and lost myself in remorse. I have never been at a lower moment in my life.

Desperate Voyage is a book of ceaseless happenings. He appears to have given up Laski and Maupassant for the Bible when he recognised the probability of death and the occasional Biblical word gives an air of fable to the plain narrative. There are times when the simple and terrifying story takes on the suggestion of an allegory of the tortures that must be endured on earth; and the character of the clown, hero and victim adds to itself the firm and moving dimension of goodness. Rescue itself, when he deliberately wrecks himself on a reef, is more like the final slowness of a dream, before he comes into the paradisal love of the native people who take care of him. I do not mean that the book is pious, but the notion that a character may be filled out by virtue—in the sense of *virtu*—through such experience was entirely lacking in some of the vivid open-boat narratives of the war. It is very strange in a book of almost incredible adventure to meet in a mad, starving, shipwrecked seaman, unable to walk, poisoned by coral, and no more than a ghastly skeleton out of Belsen—a good man.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ANNIVERSARY OF A CAPTURE: TO I.M.

If I were a painter I would paint you many times
By the light of the morning and the afternoon
And again by the lamplight of the evening
Pencil in hand spend my time at your side.

Patiently in the wood with apparatus
Concealed by bushes naturalist and bird
Make the discs for the recollection
Of a momentary phrase from a small throat

To satisfy scholars and recall the wood.
Patiently too in echoing galleries
One must walk and search the shadowy canvas
For a known gesture or a beckoning glance

And on the versos of literatures look
For notation of an essence that once took flight
And was overheard in the noise of the morning
And listened for in the fading afternoon

Quick as the flash of a fin in a shallow.
Whether shall I try to entrap it in the hand?

CHARLES MADGE

MORE ABOUT WORDSWORTH

The Poet Wordsworth. By HELEN DARBISHIRE. *Oxford.* 7s 6d.
Tribute to Wordsworth. Edited by MURIEL SPARK AND DEREK STANFORD. *Wingate.* 12s 6d.
Wordsworth: A Tribute. By GEORGE MALLABY. *Blackwell.* 7s 6d.
The Cumberland Wordsworth. By HOWARD SERGEANT. *Williams & Norgate.* 7s.

With Keats, Wordsworth is the poetry-lover's poet *par excellence*. The one serves young men in a state of deprivation, young ladies who wish to be loved without physical embarrassment and older ladies with a departed or no son. The other meets the exigencies of a country holiday: Wordsworth could, indeed, be considered the father of the week-end cottage. That both now thus function as middle-class poets feeding middle-class mythologies does not mean that they were bad poets. Yet what may be claimed for either does not include aristocratic intellect, eremitical spirituality, metropolitan wit or the fine, desperate edge of revolution or lunacy. In respect of the demands they make upon us, they are comfortable poets. That both, nevertheless, lived threatened lives keeps them as it were up to date, and there is some consolation even in Wordsworth's increasing dullness.

Mr. Mallaby's is a poetry-lover's book and a very good specimen of its kind. Wordsworth keeps Mr. Mallaby from staleness amid his administrative duties, reminding him of the sweetness of Nature and the dignity of Man, and who are we to be other than glad that it is so? Miss Darbishire, too, is rather a poetry-lover than a critic, but joins to her devotions a powerful academic studiousness, and these last year's Clark Lectures (in which she passes on a few new titbits from manuscript, and to which is appended an essay on the two versions of *The Prelude*) may be considered incidental to her authoritative editorial labours. Mr. Sergeant's is an unhappy little book. Its title wrongly suggests that it is an edition of the works. It turns out to be a biography of the early years, yet its Introduction promised critical examination in terms of a theory which, it is revealed, would have been known as the regionalist theory: the book was, perhaps, hastily completed for some occasion, as it might have been a centenary. Criticism, of a kind designed to affect literary practice, is attempted only in *Tribute to Wordsworth*.

This extraordinary volume is divided into two parts. The first part, introduced by Mr. Stanford, brings together views on Wordsworth expressed in essays, letters and *obiter dicta* of the nineteenth century—Hazlitt, Coleridge, Keats, De Quincey, Arnold, Swinburne, Pater, Carlyle, Bagehot, J. S. Mill, Taine, Lowell—a useful and a worthy task of editorship, to which the little foreword by Herbert Read might have seemed appropriate. But then follows a second part: "Wordsworth and his Twentieth Century Critics." This, which is introduced by Miss Spark, consists of articles specially written by a number of young poets and others here discovered in each other's company not for the first time. Again, these articles might in themselves, especially if they had been a little longer, have made up an interesting volume, to whose coterie flavour nobody could then seriously have objected. The collocation of the two parts, however (the balancing of one set of names against the other), causes one to feel that Miss Spark and Mr. Stanford either over-estimate or wish us to over-estimate their friends. One fails in consequence to derive as much enjoyment as one might from intellectual contact with these "two main opposing groups of younger critics, namely those commonly known as neo-romantic and neo-classical," even if several of them are writers in whose favour one is predisposed. There is, however, an attractive little piece by Norman Nicholson on Wordsworth as a guide to the Lakes. G. S. Fraser is more properly a critic than the other contributors to Miss Spark's second half, and there is an article by him which conspicuously suffers from its brevity.

Mr. Fraser has culled from here and there in Wordsworth examples of very good and very bad writing. These, which are not at all the passages usually noticed, be subjects to revealing scrutiny. He ticks Wordsworth off for trampling on the heather (a Scottish plant) and is a little rude (and, I should have thought, demonstrably wrong) about the narrative gifts of northern Englishmen. Mr. Fraser nevertheless does exhibit a confident good taste, and, in his statement that Wordsworth's failures were, in fact, a failure of the dramatic imagination, he hits off a line of theory which he might have developed with brilliant effect. Mr. Fraser's expression of fear lest Wordsworth be now taken as a model of poetic style he similarly leaves in the air, for he has neither shown that there is, at present any marked tendency to take Wordsworth as a model, nor has he generally characterised the style he has in mind.

Yet these questions are important, and what we think of Wordsworth now will depend on whether we think his a good way of composing. To me, in this age of the dissolution of frontiers and the no less important setting-up of new frontiers, it seems that the problem of the poetry-prose or verse-prose frontier has never been so acute and that, when this problem is raised, Wordsworth becomes as inescapable a case in point as, say, Whitman. Wordsworth consistently made his words go *ti-tum, ti-tum* (very occasionally *tum-ti-ti*), but otherwise used fewer poetic devices than Whitman. After two or three pages of even the best of *The Prelude*, one may well find oneself asking why this admirable fabric of meditative thought had to be stretched over a skeleton of blank verse. It is not, as critics tend to suggest, that the verse sags, but rather that it prevents the language from sagging happily when it ought to, because you cannot go on talking like that without throat-clearing, throw-away lines and an occasional grimace.

With the symbolists, it seems likely that poetry became too poetic. It became so unlike any serviceable prose that regular verse-structures were safely dropped. Now that there is a tendency towards or at any rate a wish for, a feeling of the desirability of, a new directness and simplicity, the absence of underlying verse-structure becomes embarrassing, particularly as a more poetic, impressionistic prose has meanwhile established itself in a number of key-situations. There are fewer and fewer things which a poet can do without the awkward feeling that he might just as well have been doing them in prose, that indeed he might have done them more effectively in prose. Among the things that Wordsworth did, encounters with leech-gatherers have been quite finally taken over by the short story, while self-examination in prose could hardly go further.

Could it be that the difference between Wordsworth at fifty and Wordsworth at thirty lay, not in growing remorse over a young Frenchwoman, but precisely in the kind of poet he was at thirty? Certainly, the challenge to poetic diction had never been uttered by a man more naturally disposed to grandiloquence. Had Wordsworth, in fact, any ear for the colloquial? Could he, for instance, have written good low-life dialogue? The speech of living men is not characterised solely by its vocabulary. It also shows rhythm and inflexions of its own. It is intricate, obsessive and not always edifying. A part of Wordsworth's goal was first reached by Ernest Hemingway and Damon Runyon. Could it be that what really did for Wordsworth was the iambic pentameter? Apart from the few luminous effects which had been left for Wordsworth to achieve, could it be that the iambic pentameter was finally exhausted by Pope and that only smart rhyme-play saved it even for him, Milton having already shown that you could not get along in blank verse without first constructing an artificial language?

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

CRICKET

Cricket all his Life. E. V. LUCAS. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 7s. 6d.

The Laws of Cricket. R. S. RAIT KERR. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

Gone with the Cricketers. JOHN ARLOTT. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.

Sticky Wickets. LIONEL, LORD TENNYSON. *Johnson.* 12s. 6d.

Cricket has always had its legendary age, or rather a whole series of them. But no critic worthy of the name ever has a good word for the present. To-day he has probably better grounds for complaint than his predecessors; certainly, in modern county cricket, there is little of the atmosphere that must have graced matches at Brighton under the Regency when top hats, silk breeches and coloured waistcoats were worn, and after the match, to quote A. E. Kirkham in a recent admirable book called *The Young Cricketer*, "an ox was roasted publicly and distributed to the townsfolk, and every boundary hit was rewarded with a mug of ale." Nor of the time—1816 to be exact—when two teams led respectively by Lord F. Beauclerk and Lord Clifton played at Lord's New Cricket Ground for 500 gns. a side and the score-card announced "Admittance sixpence, Good Stabling on the ground. The cricket Laws, Bats, Balls and Stumps to be had at the ground or at Mr. Lord's House in Upper Gloster Street; the nearest carriage-way is up the New Road opposite Mary-le-Bone Workhouse. No dogs admitted." Compared to the past, the legendary, read-about but by hardly any of us observed past, of Alfred Mynn, Lillywhite, Fuller Pilch, Wisden; of "Silver" Billy Beldham, Trott, Spofforth, W. G. Grace or Sydney Barnes; even to the nearer glories of Duleepsinhji, Tate, Larwood, Hedley Verity or Woolley, contemporary cricket seems cruelly drab. To-day cricket is a business as well as a science; once it was a culture with a standard of performance as severe as the Diaghilev Ballet. A culture is the product of artists; business, alas, depends for survival on efficient employees.

It is not therefore surprising that the best cricket writing is nostalgic: though, despite this, there are still writers trying to transform science into culture and who use epithets and images as exactly as any modern poet. Only a week or two ago, for instance, Mr. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow writing in *The Observer* described A. L. Valentine of the present West Indies Team:

> A slow left-hander of simple method and short run-up, he is of those who seem to bowl just because they happen to be there at the moment. But there is guile within: just as there are holding weeds beneath the bubble of the stream.

This is not gratuitous fine writing: the comparison adds body and meaning to the bare statement. But the age, on the whole, is against us. Therefore there could be no better time for the collected cricket writings of E. V. Lucas to appear. Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis has made out of these an admirable selection, grouping them into sections such as Grounds and Players, Books and Writers, Views in Verse and so on; it must have been a long, though to the enthusiast delightful task going through the forty years of Lucas' work, dating from 1897 to 1938, its variety ranging, as Mr. Hart-Davis says, "from Charles Lamb to the musical glasses." It could hardly in fact have been better done. Here is Lucas reflective, graceful, rhapsodic, sharply observant; now quoting Francis Thompson, who as a boy haunted the Old Trafford ground when Hornby and Barlow used to open for Lancashire, with one of the saddest of all poems:

> It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
> Though my own red roses there may blow;
> It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
> Though the red roses crest the caps I know.
> For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast
> And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
> And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host,
> As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
> To and fro:—
> O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!

now quoting from Mohummud Abdullah Khan's Cricket Guide, published in Lucknow in 1891: "The fielders must take special care not to exchange jokes with one another or try funny tricks that do secretly divide their attention and produce a horrible defect in their fielding" or again "If you are the Captain of your team and the fielders of the opposite party clap your welcome, you are required simply to turn or raise your night cap a little, and this is sufficient to prove your easy turn of disposition as well as to furnish the return of their compliments." A little obscure, perhaps, but pertinent enough advice for these days of cold warfare.

After the lyric reminiscence of Lucas, the excellent, precisely given information of Colonel R. S. Rait Kerr, the present Secretary of the M.C.C. *The Laws of Cricket* is the result of much original research and careful scholarship. Colonel Rait Kerr had to pick his way through a litter of undated papers, unauthorised revisions and unreliable editions. He sought out and examined every single edition of the Laws, listing, dating and annotating all the changes made between 1744 and 1947. It is necessary to know only that over fifty editions of the Laws were published between 1750 and 1835 to have some idea of what this means. But Colonel Rait Kerr has cleared away the inessentials and the rubbish, and set out the rest with conciseness and lucidity. There are, besides, full details about the preparation of the 1947 Code, an account of the Laws of Cricket, as well as appendices giving both the Laws of 1755 and 1947. The book is beautifully illustrated with reproductions of old engravings, though there are too many misprints for a book of this sort.

Mr. John Arlott is rapidly carving out his own place in contemporary cricket writing. He is both informed and informative, has an educated respect for the craftsmanship of professional cricket, an eye for a rich metaphor, a sense of atmosphere and style. A more utilitarian writer than Lucas, Cardus or Robertson-Glasgow—also given less to the sudden soarings, the poetic flashes like kingfishers' wings that grace even the writing of Pycroft, Haygarth and Nyren at unexpected moments—Mr. Arlott still writes good considered prose. He also published, in one of the early numbers of *Horizon* (July 1943), one of the best poems written about county cricket. The present book, *Gone with the Cricketers*, is an account of the Test Matches played in 1948-49 in South Africa and also of the New Zealand tour here last summer. It is straightforward, good quality comment, appreciative in the way Mr. Arlott's broadcasts are, nicely illustrated and with full scores.

How few are the good books, the even readable books, by distinguished cricketers. D. R. Jardine's *In Quest of the Ashes*, Tate's *My Cricketing Reminiscences*; most, unfortunately, are only sterile affairs of scissors and paste. The personality of the player is obliterated by the triteness of the writer. Lord Tennyson's book *Sticky Wickets* is no exception. Much was to be hoped from it. Lord Tennyson was, as a cricketer, forthright, courageous, ebullient. He captained England against Australia at a time when that really meant something, and he played one of the historic innings of all time in the Third Test Match at Leeds in 1921 when, batting one-handed because of injury, he hit ten four's off Gregory, Macdonald and Mailey in a score of sixty-three. Reputedly, too, Lord Tennyson was as forthright off the field as on. Little distinction, however, has filtered into his writing, which, whether describing his father's Governor-Generalship of Australia, his own catastrophic racing losses (he lost £12,000 in one week: "I truly believe this was the worst experience of my life."), lynch law in California, Hollywood, Chicago, or cricket, is careless and perfunctory in the extreme.

A few sour remarks about the Labour Government and Sir Donald Bradman, raking up an old quarrel, are the most positive things Lord Tennyson manages. Some opinions on cricket at the end of the book, both perceptive and interesting, make one wish Lord Tennyson had confined himself only to cricket. He could have written a fascinating book. *Sticky Wickets* is finely illustrated with photographs ranging from the author in garlands to beautiful Balinese girls in very little. One cannot help feeling however that the only sticky wickets in Lord Tennyson's life have been largely of his own contriving.

ALAN ROSS

TWO BLIMPS

I Was There. By ADMIRAL LEAHY. *Gollancz.* 25s.

Eight Years Overseas. By FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WILSON. *Hutchinson.* 25s.

I began Admiral Leahy's book with no great expectations. Ghost-written by a certain Charter Heslep—there is a peculiar trans-Atlantic snobbery which decrees that no man of distinction should compose his own speeches or do more than edit the draft of his autobiography—*I Was There* looked at first sight like the usual twice-cooked dish of potted memories. But first impressions were quite wrong. The communications between Admiral Leahy and his ghost have been excellent, and the result is a personal story, salty with character and full of delicious titbits of history. It is a book worth reading twice, first for its factual information—especially about Vichy France and the first months of the Truman regime—and then again in order to savour the essential Americanism of the author's attitude to Britain.

Of Vichy, where he was Ambassador from January 1940, until early 1942, Admiral Leahy paints a chilly but sympathetic picture. Selected, no doubt, as a type likely to appeal to Pétain, his position was not unlike Lord Templewood's in Madrid; and, in his own way, he was probably equally successful. He shared with the Marshal

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Med. oct. 12/6 *220 pp.*

THE HAND & FLOWER PRESS

ALDINGTON : KENT

and with "Popeye"—otherwise Admiral Darlan—a suspicion of the British Empire, a fear of Communism, and a hatred of General de Gaulle. Inspired with these political passions, he was able to present American policy to the French in a form which undoubtedly facilitated the North African landings. With the Churchillian left hand committed to *Gaullisme* and the right hand of Roosevelt equally Vichyite, and with neither quite knowing what the other was doing, Anglo-American policy could be machiavellian without too much conscious duplicity. The result was a masterpiece of double-dealing; though—as Leahy wrily admits—it was neither Roosevelt nor Churchill who won, but General de Gaulle.

After his term at Vichy, Leahy became the personal military adviser of the President, and the Chairman of the American Joint Chiefs of Staff. He remains to-day a sturdy defender of Roosevelt's foreign policy, perhaps because he understood its realism better than the President's New Deal supporters. It is becoming fairly clear that Roosevelt's grand design was a Russian-American deal, even if it had to be achieved at the expense of the British and French Empires. Both Roosevelt and Stalin regarded European imperialism as effete, though, like Leahy, they applauded Churchill's pluck in sticking up for it. Reading *I Was There*, it is fascinating to observe how, time after time, the American suspicion of Britain outweighed the American fear of Communism. Roosevelt's determination to concentrate on the cross-Channel landing was largely motivated by a fear that American lives might be wasted fighting for British imperial interests in the Mediterranean and the Balkans. In China, the Marshall policy—a coalition between the Kuomintang and the Communists—was also motivated by a determination to frustrate a British Empire come-back; and, in the planning of the Pacific campaign—as Admiral Leahy records in the frankest detail—elaborate precautions were taken to freeze the British out and retain China and Japan as a Russian-American sphere of influence. *I Was There* provides, indeed, a solution to one baffling problem. Why, in 1945, did Russian diplomacy make a dead set against Britain, instead of trying to break the Anglo-American alliance by winning her over? The answer is clear enough. On all the evidence available to them from discussions with American politicians and soldiers, a rapprochement with the U.S.A. at the expense of Britain and Western Europe would be far easier to achieve than an understanding with Britain.

Admiral Leahy makes it clear that, when Mr. Truman became President, he applied this policy without question, and with less finesse than Mr. Roosevelt. Now, for the first time, we feel that the President's private adviser is not chatting with his master, but instructing a pupil. So Lend-Lease is cut off with undisguised glee; and, when Churchill suggests that, in order to preserve our bargaining position, the American troops should not be withdrawn from the large areas of the Russian Zone which they had conquered, he is snubbed by Presidential telegram. Even at Potsdam, there is no sign of any Anglo-American get-together; and it looks as though the atom bomb was dropped not in order to forestall the Russians by a quick defeat of Japan, but to satisfy the scientists' inhuman desire for a couple of good trials before peace broke out.

The first moral of Admiral Leahy's book is the unnatural character of Atlantic Union and the revolution in American sentiment which it involves. The second is that in 1945 Russia could have had either American or British friendship for the asking. Instead, Molotov drove us unwillingly together.

Eight Years Overseas is a sad come-down after these caustic and candid confessions. Yet "Jumbo" Wilson had at least as interesting a story to tell if he had dared to peer into his own mind. After the first triumphant North African campaign, which he planned under Wavell's direction, Wilson ceased to be a field commander, and politics—whether in Greece in 1941 and 1944, in Syria, in Yugoslavia or in the ill-fated episode of Leros—always seemed to prevent him from achieving an honest-to-god military victory. He must have more to reveal than any living soldier about carrying out directives which violate the principles of sound generalship. But the soldier who accepts such directives without demur and receives promotion after each failure, is unlikely to be guilty of any indiscretion in his memoirs. The quality of Montgomery and Patton as generals was that they were ready to perpetrate the most outrageous disloyalties and misconduct in order to ensure success for their troops. So they were trusted by the soldiers they commanded and detested by the politicians who gave them orders. "Jumbo" Wilson was a politician's dream, submissive to superior orders, even when he must have had a shrewd idea what the consequences for his armies would be.

His book is worthy of his style of generalship. It smothers the truth in a vast feather-bed of "officialese." Like the ideal communique after a defeat, it reveals nothing except that there were compelling reasons for failure, and that nobody of any importance was to blame. As an exercise in verbose evasion, I have never met its equal. I suspect that the Field-Marshal was a very clever politician, but even this he successfully conceals from the reader.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

PALL MALL GAZETTE

The Story of the Pall Mall Gazette. By J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Mr. Robertson Scott notes in its introduction that his publisher calls *The Story of the Pall Mall Gazette* a "leisurely book." A leisurely book: so often the expression is synonymous with an inflated ego, *longueurs*, word-spinning and time-killing. Mr. Robertson Scott's book would have been impossible unless discursive; no orderly narrative could have contained his subject, which is really nothing less than the history of the second half of the nineteenth century as reflected in the career of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the men who were responsible for it, until the death of its first editor, Frederick Greenwood, in the last weeks of 1909. It is an engrossing and rewarding work, the fruit, plainly, of many years of reading, research and remembering, which will be plundered by makers of books on the Victorian period for a long time to come.

Mr. Robertson Scott, the last survivor of the staff of the paper, reminds us in his early chapters of the relationship between Thackeray's imaginary *Pall Mall Gazette* of *Pendennis* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* that first appeared on the streets of London in 1865. It was not fortuitous. Thackeray's publisher was George Smith, of Smith and Elder, for whom he also edited *Cornhill*. When he died, his place on *Cornhill* was taken by Frederick Greenwood, who suggested the idea of an evening newspaper of a new kind to Smith and was its first editor. It was he who provided the title, for the paper, like Thackeray's, was to be "written by gentlemen for gentlemen." No new periodical would dare to make such a claim to-day; if made, it would be next to meaningless; and even in 1865 it met with considerable derision. Yet then it did mean something.

The aim of the *Pall Mall*, according to Greenwood, writing years later, was "to bring into daily journalism (but with more legerity and less of the doctorial) the full measure of thought and culture which was then found only in the reviews." The writers who helped to provide the desired legerity included Leslie Stephen, his brother Fitz-James Stephen, a barrister who, even when on circuit, seems to have produced leading articles with the ease and speed that some people solve crossword puzzles, G. H. Lewes, John Addington Symonds, George Eliot, Tom Hughes, Matthew Arnold, whose *Friendship's Garland* first appeared in its pages, Laurence Oliphant, John Morley, Meredith, Huxley, Sir George Grove, Charles Reade and Winwood Reade, Sir Frederick Pollock, Patmore, Alice Meynell, Ruskin and

Trollope, who contributed "some admirable hunting sketches."

Of the less well-known of these Mr. Robertson Scott gives valuable information and some pleasing anecdotes; as, for instance, that Tom Hughes's colony in Tennessee, "intended to evolve a new and finer type of social life," was called "Rugby": it was an "absolute failure." But the men who dominate the book are George Smith and Frederick Greenwood. Both were remarkable men, largely self-educated and self-made; and Mr. Robertson Scott has had access to their letters and papers. Smith was the son of a Scots bookseller who had arrived in London from Elgin in the early years of the century. Young Smith entered the firm of Smith and Elder at the age of fourteen and by the time he was nineteen seems to have become the most energetic partner. His father and Elder both retired from the firm when he came of age, and within two years Smith discovered that the remaining partner had been for years systematically robbing the company. The defalcations came to more than £30,000. Smith refused to go into bankruptcy and undertook to meet all the obligations of the house within a term of years. He succeeded, with time to spare. It meant, of course, that he dared not take risks during this period, and he was a man who enjoyed taking risks. He had to turn down Browning's work, though later he published *The Ring and the Book*; but he added Ruskin, with *Modern Painters*, to his list, and was the publisher of Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë and Trollope.

Yet as far as the making of money was concerned, publishing for him was not much more than a side-line. He was the born speculative merchant; he would, one feels, buy and sell anything. Thus, while on his honeymoon in Paris, the news reached him that gold had been struck in Australia; he immediately sent orders to London that a large quantity of revolvers should be bought and shipped to Melbourne, saying afterwards, "I felt sure that, where there was much gold, revolvers would be needed." How right he was the profit on the deal showed. The bulk of his fortune, however, was acquired from the monopoly he obtained of the sales of Apollinaris water in this country. It was the "Queen of Table Waters," his own slogan, rather than his publishing, that financed the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the enterprise with which his name will always be associated and on the making of which Mr. Robertson Scott has an excellent chapter.

It was almost inevitable that such a man would turn to the hazards of periodical publishing. He started as early as 1855, with the *Overland News*, devoted to Indian events, and the *Homeward News*, containing news of Britain for readers in India. *Cornhill*, under Thackeray's editorship, followed five years later, with a sale for its first number of 110,000 copies, easily a record at the time for a magazine. *Cornhill* represented a revolution in magazine journalism: in 1865 the lessons of that revolution were applied to daily journalism in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Smith himself took an active part in the conduct of the paper, even to the extent, on one occasion, of himself reporting a Commons speech of Mr. Gladstone's. And all the time he was leading a full social life. He was, for instance, a faithful attendant at the Ruskins' parties and observed that Mrs. Ruskin "was pugnaciously Protestant, and I remember winning a bet that, before the evening was over, she would call the Virgin Mary "a creature'."

By comparison with Smith, Greenwood comes less triumphantly to life; perhaps because it is the fate of the journalist to be as dead as his copy. That he was a great journalist there can be no question; and he was a supremely honest one: he resigned from the *Pall Mall* when a change of ownership meant that the paper would henceforth support Gladstone, and took all his staff with him. Within a month he had produced another paper, the *St. James's Gazette*, the contributors to which were to include Henley, H. D. Traill, Patmore, Barrie, Andrew Lang, Anthony Hope, Saintsbury, Gosse and Richard Jefferies. The *St. James's* lasted six years, and then a change of ownership again meant a change in political allegiance and Greenwood's resignation. Having had two dailies shot away under him, he started a weekly, *The Anti-Jacobin*, price twopence, so that, as he said himself, it should not "be beyond any poor gentleman's pocket." It lasted seven years; for the rest of his life he free-lanced.

Politically, he was, of course, a Tory. Yet, as Mr. Robertson Scott points out, he received no honours from any Conservative administration, and precious little recognition, a fact the more remarkable since it was he who was the prime mover in Disraeli's acquiring the Suez Canal shares, an event Mr. Robertson Scott describes in detail. Like Smith, he was a man of many friendships, an aspect of the man that Mr. Robertson Scott celebrates in some of his most valuable pages; the glimpses we get of Patmore, especially as Greenwood's daughter saw him, are particularly interesting and have not, I think, been published before. But the whole book continually offers new or unexpected sidelights on the men, institutions and events of the later years of the nineteenth century; and it is good to know that its author intends to carry on his history of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Greenwood's successors, Morley, Stead, Cook, Cust and Garvin.

WALTER ALLEN

NEW NOVELS

Some Tame Gazelle. By BARBARA PYM. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

Out of the Square. By PETER DE POLNAY. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6d.

The Astrologer. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.

Answer Yes or No. By JOHN MORTIMER. *Bodley Head.* 9s.

The ingredients of *Some Tame Gazelle* might suggest that the novel itself was tame. Miss Barbara Pym presents us with one of those English villages where the community is bound together by a passionate interest in the details of each member's daily life. The trimming of a hat, the question of who shall "do" the pulpit for the Harvest Festival, even the amount of luggage the vicar's wife will take on her holiday, furnish speculative conversation for weeks. For characters she offers us two spinster sisters—one rather dashing, one faded and shy—a curate, an Archdeacon and a handful of middle-aged characters, lay and clerical, who knew each other in youth and still share jokes and quotations from their Oxford days. The result, however, is far from tame. Not because anything sensational happens, but because Miss Pym, working in *petit point* makes each stitch with perfect precision. She keeps her design so perfectly to scale, and places one mild tint in such happy juxta-

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position to another that this reader, at any rate, derived considerable pleasure from it.

Over and over again, I thought Miss Pym, skating over such thin and conventional ice, might tumble through it into a pool of Miniverism, but she skims over it dry-shod. Her portraits of the three clergymen; Curate, Archdeacon and Colonial Bishop (Theodore Mbawawa) are gentle but relentless, as a conscientious snapshot can be more devastating than the cruellest caricature. She is scrupulously fair to her characters; she allows the likeable to be irritating and the unlikeable to have charm. If she mocks the preposterous selfishness of handsome Archdeacon Hoccleve, she also mocks sensitive, ineffectual Belinda Bede who cannot break the habit of being in love with him. Miss Pym will almost certainly—and not without reason—be compared to Jane Austen and very possibly to Trollope. My own impression is that she is a modest and original writer who owes nothing to anyone. If my first sip of *Some Tame Gazelle* suggested this was merely a pale mixed cup such as might be served at the vicarage garden party, my second convinced me it was an authentic wine. Not everyone's wine perhaps, nor one that "travels well" in reviewing, but with a bouquet of its own and more body than you might suspect from its lightness.

It was a shock to emerge from the decorous, soberly tinted world of an English village into the dust and dazzling light of a Florentine square. Instead of being correctly introduced to clergymen and their blameless wives and parish helpers, I was accosted by beggars, pimps, prostitutes and black market urchins or invited to eavesdrop at intimate moments in the lives of various amusing and disedifying characters. Instead of the miniaturist's hair pencil, here was Mr. de Polnay's exuberant brush splashing every colour in the box, apparently haphazard, on a large Italian canvas. *Out of the Square* is not, however, as haphazard as it seems. Mr. de Polnay's large loose strokes are organised into a definite design. The various characters, inordinately rich or inordinately poor, are really figures in a kind of modern fairy tale. The rich are driven into guilt and isolation by their wealth; the poor into sharp-witted parasitism. Mr. de Polnay's moral seems to be, according to his delightfully unconvincing ending, that the rich should learn to give to the poor instead of merely buying them off. An unexceptionable moral, since giving implies giving oneself as opposed to parting with thousands of *lire*, but I doubt if Mr. de Polnay really means us to believe that his particular rich people kept it up for long. Mr. de Polnay, like some other foreigners who write in English (notably William Gerhardi and Alfred Perlès), is fresh, uninhibited and occasionally something of an *enfant terrible*. To a reader less mercurial than the writer his unmodulated changes of mood are somewhat bewildering; at one moment he seems to be guying; the next he is desperately serious, though never solemn. Many of the characters vary in the same way from lively, fantastic puppets to creatures of human weakness and pathos. But if Mr. de Polnay's exuberance is sometimes rather flashy, *Out of the Square* is full of life and incident, and has moments of real beauty and disconcerting truth.

Edward Hyams is also exuberant. His lively satire *The Astrologer* concerns a young mathematician who discovers a law of Universal Tides which governs the interaction of everything in the universe from planets to opinions and thus allows him to predict the future with accuracy. His discovery is exploited in a new Delphic Oracle which is, of course, eventually rigged by interested parties. To my mind, *The Astrologer* would have been better if Mr. Hyams had concentrated on this one idea instead of allowing himself to be side tracked by his own inventive ingenuity. He starts so many new hares at every turn and pursues them with such gusto that the breathless reader cannot keep up with him and occasionally has to stop and rest. It is a temptation to anyone as witty as Mr. Hyams to exaggerate wildly, so that when he suddenly becomes earnest, the effect is slightly disconcerting. One never knows when he is belabouring a real thing or a fantastic Aunt Sally. By the end of the book, nothing and no one in the poor old modern world is left standing. Even his mathematical hero has achieved wealth and security in a mad world by means as suspect as those which the author amusingly castigates and, having raised and evaded a vast number of issues, Mr. Hyams smiles into his beard and brings down the curtain with a bang. At its best, *The Astrologer* is brilliantly funny and abounds in ingenious notions such as the activities of Processed Fog, Ltd., the genesis of the best-seller *Again Saphira* and its author's method of evading tax by betting on the sales instead of being paid by his publishers.

Answer Yes or No, by John Mortimer, is a study of a young barrister who, through falling in love, comes to realise that his divorce clients are human beings. Though it begins well and looks like being a "handmade" piece of work, it seems, unfortunately, to have been finished on the machine. Most of it, however, is above the level of the average competent novel. It is highly readable and contains some well-observed characters and some neat caricatures. His solicitors, barristers, judges and K.C.s are admirably convincing, both in and out of court. In fact, I became so fascinated by the life that goes on in robing-rooms and chambers that I could have done with a little less love and any amount more law.

ANTONIA WHITE

SYNTHETIC BROMIDES

The Mature Mind. By H. A. OVERSTREET. *Gollancz. 6s.*

Fifty years ago a number of publishers derived a nice steady income from a class of books known as "devotional literature." These books, of a vaguely pietistic nature, were considered to be "good" and "improving" and in many households were the only permitted reading on Sunday afternoons, which was also, for many people, the only spare time for reading at all. Publishing houses, with one or two such titles on their list had a nice steady investment which, if it did not bring in the fabulous returns of Sir Hall Caine or Miss Marie Corelli (who tapped the slightly laxer fringes of the same market) nevertheless kept the wolf a comfortable distance from the door.

This market, and the kind of title which kept it supplied, have practically disappeared in England over the last half-century; but as in so many other non-material aspects, the United States, apart from the Atlantic sea-board, has retained habits and ways of thought which have become obsolescent in Europe; and in that country there is still an appreciable market for "good" books, though they are now usually classified under the rubric "self-improvement." Though pietistic they are most of them strictly "non-denominational," for the religious minorities, though ready to spread propaganda (in the original ecclesiastical sense of the word) for their own creeds, are anxiously alert for anything which might be construed as propaganda (in the Goebbelsian sense of the word) against them or their members. Fairly recently the carol "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing!" was removed from the song-books supplied to the public schools of one of New York's boroughs on the ground that it contributed to religious prejudice.

Nearly all these books are beneath serious criticism from the point of view of science, philosophy, theology, or ethics; and the title under review is no exception to this rule. The author, a Dr. Overstreet, is apparently a retired philosophy teacher from one of the very minor New York colleges, who has filled his compulsory leisure by jotting down a few thoughts. He has been impressed by the differential between "age" measured by I.Q. ratings and biological age and by some Freudian chit-chat about "infantile fixations" and has written his book to exhort his fellow countrymen to "be mature." In the course of this exhortation, he deals summarily with a number of the chief intellectual and religious figures of the world in a style which would seem bound to give offence to any moderately sen-

sitive person. The Buddha's life and thought, for example, rate two whole pages, over 500 words; they read in part:

> Another episode in religious history bears recalling. When Buddha, the young prince, sorrowed because of the miseries of his fellow men, he was moved to unprecedented action. He started a research into the causes of human misery. . . . No one in Buddha's time knew how to set up the conditions for a research project. In those days, sages thought about things and talked about them—from the inside; introspectively. The approach to every psychological problem was through meditation. There were no controlled experiments and no sustained observations except upon the nuances of one's own states of mind and body. Buddha had to fly blind. He tried out experiments on himself—many of them extreme and more or less futile. . . . Could one (he asked) eliminate desire? He tried it out on himself and became his own control experiment. Buddha's life was ennobled by his courageous persistence in searching for an elusive truth. He never rightly found the truth, because when he discovered "desire" he did not know how to appraise it as part of the growth-pattern of life; he did not see it as something that could be civilized and matured in us.

Saint Augustine and "Jesus of Nazareth," Hegel and Marx, Freud and Thorndike, are all treated with similar elegance, reverence and understanding; humility is not apparently an attribute of the "mature mind."

As thinking or writing this book cannot be treated seriously; as a social phenomenon it does, I think, merit having attention drawn to it. Mr. Gollancz, who in the past has done so much for English publishing, announces in leaded type on the dust-cover: "Please note the price of this book. Even if it were a novel, it would normally be published at not less than 10s. 6d. We are pricing it at 6s. because we are most anxious that it should have the widest possible sale." Presumably publishers have such a wish for every title on their list; it seems unfortunate that Mr. Gollancz should use his great skill and experience to introduce one of the more deplorable examples of one of the more deplorable aspects of American culture to our long suffering public. *Elsie, or Like a Little Candle* was preferable in every way. GEOFFREY GORER

Beyond the Sunset. By MICHAEL ROBERTSON. *Falcon Press.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Robertson spent two years in the United States at the end of the war, and, like so many visitors to that country, he has written a book about it. In part, it differs little from so many of the others. Here again are the descriptions of New York, Broadway and the bright lights; examples of American hospitality, ebullience, and garishness; in fact, all the superficial reactions of the visitor which are becoming all too familiar to English readers. But, for the most part, here is description with a difference. Mr. Robertson is a bird lover and his interest in American wild-life took him into the wild and beautiful country of the Pacific North-West. With a real descriptive gift, Mr. Robertson has written of his journeys to some of the mountains, lakes, valleys and forests of Northern California and Oregon. American civilisation has scarcely touched this remote and magnificent region where birds, in infinite variety make their home. The reader senses the excitement in the search for the condor in the mountains of Santa Barbara, the beauty of the call of the canyon wren high up on Mount Pinos, the sight of the wild fowl at Tule Lake, and the haunting sounds of the whip-poor-will in the evening stillness. All the lonely splendour of the North West is evoked in these pages.

Adventure in Vision. By JOHN SWIFT. *Lehmann.* 15s.

Much has happened to television since that day in 1925 when John Logie Baird set in motion his collection of old hat boxes, biscuit tins, darning needles and bicycle lamp lenses—the blurred images of yesterday are now recognisable: the baby still screams for attention, but it is a healthy, well-fed baby. Not unnaturally, many of us in this country regard Baird as the pioneer inventor. Mr. Swift puts the case for this lone, amateur experimenter who had no scientific background and who, throughout his life, was dogged by ill health and consistent financial misfortune. This is not, however, the story of one man. Baird won the first lap, sadly ill-equipped and working alone, but he was soon outdistanced. When the world's first regular service was launched from Alexandra Palace in November, 1936, his competitors had already caught up. Alexandra Palace went on the air with two systems operating on alternate weeks—the Baird system giving pictures of 240-line definition and the Marconi-EMI system, with its 405-line definition. Mr. Swift, using diagrams to illustrate his text, gives us a clear comparison of these two systems in language easily understood by the layman. After the development, the uses—the fact that our early lead in television enabled us to find and perfect a Radar system before the Germans; the future of television as an Art form; the part played by producer, playwright and actor. And the experiments continue, the search for colour television, for stereoscopic television goes forward. What will ultimately emerge is still a matter for conjecture, but *Adventure in Vision* gives us a lucid account of what has already taken place and for that reason, as a book for the general reader, it is both timely and informed.

Here, There and Everywhere. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d.

This is a collection of Mr. Partridge's shorter essays on varied and diverting subjects like "Nicknames," the etymology of the word "bloody," underworld cant, spivs and phoneys; there is also a long study of the nonsense words of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll. All are entertaining, though some might be rather irritated by Mr. Partridge's somewhat cocky style and by his occasional hideous use of a word. But his enthusiasm is infectious; he appears to be convinced, like the Greeks, that words are not fortuitous, but take their shape and sound from some inevitable expression of the thing they denote. With this conviction words become living and exciting as he discusses them. The discussion of the various derivation of "bloody" is of great interest; he ridicules the idea that it is a corruption of "by our lady" and there is no doubt that this ingenious suggestion is incorrect. He dismisses the other suggestion that it comes from "a blood" and argues that it simply derives from physiological blood in general, tracing its use through Greek, Latin, French, Dutch and German. On Carroll and Lear Mr. Partridge is disappointing. He tells us no more than we could have learnt from an intelligent reading of the poems ourselves and in his list of the few nonsense words of Carroll's which have more or less passed into the language he leaves out perhaps the best of all, "to burble."

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,063

Set by Thomas Smallbones

A committee has recently been reporting on ways and means of preserving Historic Houses and the families who live in them. Competitors are asked to imagine that any one of the persons listed below had been called to give evidence. The usual prizes are offered for an interchange arising out of his evidence between the committee and the chosen character. Mrs. Miniver, Diogenes, Undershaft (*Major Barbara*), Raffles, Jude the Obscure, Jack Worthing (*The Importance of Being Earnest*), Babbitt, George Ponderevo (*Tono Bungay*). Limit 150 words. Entries by July 11th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,060

Set by Naomi Lewis

Among the questions received by the *Can I Help You* column of a popular newspaper is the following:

> I am a student. My mother has recently married my uncle. I keep having dreams that Uncle murdered Father. Ought I to do anything?

Competitors are invited to send in a human problem from any character in myth, history, or literature and to supply the columnist's answer. (Limit 150 words).

Company Meeting

CADBURY BROTHERS

Restoration of Competitive Conditions Urged

THE Fifty-first Ordinary General Meeting of Cadbury Brothers, Limited, was held on Monday, June 26th, at Bournville, Birmingham.

Mr. L. J. Cadbury, the chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts in the course of his speech, said: At our last annual meeting I recorded the events that occurred a year ago when the sale of chocolate and confectionery was freed from control and that led in the end to the reimposition once more of rationing.

It was a great disappointment to us and no doubt temporarily discouraged the Government from other experiments in freedom. Whether since then lessons of the election and the present political situation have caused the Government to modify its policy towards controls is difficult to say. Some Ministers have promised to make bonfires of regulations and denounce "control for control's sake," but others in very influential posts still regard them as essential parts of a planned economy.

However, with the recent disappearance of petrol rationing and other relaxations we are once again hopeful and we believe we are not very far from free sales.

TRANSFER OF BUYING TO INDUSTRY

Although the main effort of derationing failed, the industry has continued its endeavour to secure a diminution of controls, and is pressing for the decontrol of glucose and for the right to buy its raw cocoa.

The Ministry of Food's retention of cocoa-buying is a clear example of "control for control's sake."

The International Emergency Food Council control of cocoa ceased 12 months ago. Since then each consuming country has been free to buy as it wished. We buy direct for our oversea factories; yet we are not allowed to do so for our parent concern. This is not a matter of bulk purchase, of bilateral agreements, or long-term Government contracts. The Ministry of Food buys supplies from oversea and then re-sells to the industry. A Parliamentary Select Committee reported in favour of the transfer of buying to the industry. We have been buying raw cocoa for over a century and we believe that we can buy more efficiently than a Government department.

At no time during the year, even during derationing, could we put on sale as much as the public were prepared to buy, but increases in raw materials permitted to us at different times have resulted in a money increase in home civilian sales of 26 per cent. to £17½ million. Adding to these sales those of our export department, cocoa powder, &c., but excluding the very large volume of liquid milk we handle, the firm's turnover amounted to £20,700,000, also an increase of 26 per cent. on last year.

The successful efforts of the farmers to raise milk production have happily resulted in the abandonment of domestic milk rationing, and must inevitably lead in the near future to relaxation of other milk controls. The dairy farming community is rightly becoming concerned at its future sales prospects, and we believe the time has come when milk should again be entrusted to the Producers' Marketing Board with whom, in the past, we enjoyed satisfactory trading relations.

EXPORT ACTIVITIES

Export sales showed a considerable increase both in tonnage and in value.

No less than 90 per cent. of the Cadbury and 66 per cent. of the Fry cocoa and chocolate exports were in hard currency.

The total sales for our group last year were £37 million. This compares with £13 million in 1938. Higher prices have, of course, been mainly responsible for this large rise, though our oversea concerns have all shown substantial increases in tonnage as well as in value of recent years.

Increasing turnover naturally means more money employed in the business, and this has gone up in the years just mentioned from £11 million to £26 million.

If our development oversea is maintained at its present level, if prices continue to rise and if it becomes once more one of our functions to finance our own cocoa purchases the capital employed in the business will show a still further expansion. As I explained last year, taxation at its present scale makes it impossible to find those large increases in capital by our traditional method of ploughing back profits. While we regard this as regrettable, we do not anticipate difficulty in raising the necessary finance.

The report and accounts were adopted.

The last article of
AGNES SMEDLEY
TERROR BOMBING IN CHINA
And a Tribute to her by
James Aldridge
Also: End the Cold War, by **Trygve Lie**; Oppression in India, by **D. N. Pritt, K.C.**; etc. in the July
LABOUR MONTHLY
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Do please send a gift to Rev. E. Wilson Carlile, General Secretary, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

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CANCER SUFFERER (single). Poor Mrs. (51), with wife and child, a poor lounge, after paying rent, etc., is less than a pound a week, needs nourishing foods. The wife has a serious heart condition, aggravated by anxiety for her husband and by financial worries. Please help. This is but one of many sad cases for which funds are urgently needed. Jewellery, silver, old boots, etc., gladly accepted and sold.
The Society is to extend by the N.S.C.R.
NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CANCER RELIEF
Appeal N.S. 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

Report by Naomi Lewis

Such questions! "My daughter is walking out with a swan . . ." But nothing should shatter the *aplomb* of Aunt Oracle, who applies the homely (and, if need be, astringent) formula regardless. That this home-respecting sibyl must be also a considerable creator of murderees had not struck me—not, that is, until I had read through the formidable pile of entries. I quote from some of the more useful replies:

Well, "Penelope," yours is a hard case. Have you been to the office of your local gods? I know they can be *very* helpful. A little idea you might try is to say you'll marry one of your neighbours as soon as you've finished knitting the splendid jumper for which a pattern is given free with our next issue. (Be sure and place an order with your newsagent) . . .
Edward Blishen

. . . I suggest writing to c/o M.E. Rest Camp, Lotos Island, or contact the Hon. Mrs. Circe, i/c. M.E. Forces Welfare. D. P. Waley

(Answer to "O," a musician) . . . Foreign travel is an excellent way to readjust oneself to normal life after the loss of a dear one. I can think of nothing better than a trip to Hades. You will have to go through the usual formalities, passport, etc. I am not aware of a sterling agreement with Hades, so you may find currency troublesome, but no doubt if you took dollars with you, these would be accepted . . . But whilst immigration is so simple, tourists are not popular, there is no export drive, and the customs will be rather awkward on the return trip, especially over wines and spirits . . .

My boy friend asked me to rise and come away, now the winter is past. Should I go? Landgirl.

No. A. L. T.

Il faut des efforts, Marcel! Vous ne pourriez pas être heureux avec cette jolie demoiselle . . . alors, l'oubliez aussitôt. Faites des parties de tennis, de "football" avec des autres jeunes gens, montez à bicyclette, associez avec un "club." Surtout, regardez toujours l'avenir. . . inutile, mon ami, de continuer cette recherche morbide du temps perdu! Kim.

Prizes to be divided between the seven entries printed below. Particular mention goes to Minx, whose skilful entry I have not quite the courage to print. I would also commend Robert Gaffikin, Kim, Janus, Granville Garley, H. M. Galloway, Goodwill, R. Tiley.

Since the tragic death of our mother and step-father my brother acts very strangely. He talks about three mysterious pursuers. This seems unreasonable. How can I help him? Electra.

Your brother is suffering from mild persecution mania which may be cured if he realizes that others do not see his pursuers. Take no notice of his strange behaviour. If this fails, pretend to make friends with the mysterious figures and convince him that they mean no harm—arrange little dinner parties for just the five of you. Or you might try reasoning with him. He apparently feels uncomfortable about your parents' death but you can show him that he is no more to blame than you are, so that there can be no cause for anyone pursuing him. Question him sympathetically about his boyhood—his feeling of guilt may be at bottom simply shame for some unpleasant habit.
Peter Alexander

I have seen figures in the air and heard voices while sitting in fields. I feel that I want to dress like a man and do something for my country. Can you help me?
Joan.

Eyes are vitally important. Check with your oculist and get a thorough going over from an ear specialist, though it may just have been too much sun. I suggest you talk to your Mother about wearing boy's clothes. She'll tell you just how chic one can look with a boyish outfit and a close crop! As for your last problem I suggest that you join one of the many splendid Youth Organisations in your neighbourhood. If you can't locate one right away ask your vicar—there are many fine Christian ones.
Richard Clements

My husband is the landowner in our village. Appalled by the penury of his tenants, and in the absence of a rent tribunal, I accepted his sporting offer to reduce the rackrents if I would ride through the village unclothed. Although I begged the men to look the other way I have since been inundated with fresh complaints about stagnant drains, leaking roofs, etc. Do you think I ought to use the same method for dealing with these new troubles?

With a problem of this kind I always hesitate to give advice without knowledge of the local conditions. If all villagers—including the policeman—look the other way on these occasions, this way of exhibiting your social feelings may prove most effective. You should, however, first consult your doctor and your psycho-analyst who can see the subject from different angles and may shed more light on it.
E. G. Semler

I was very silly when I was younger and sold my soul to the devil in return for knowledge. I am respected everywhere for my varsity record, but I am not looking forward to the future. I keep dreaming of fires. What can I do?

Well, "Faust," I need not tell you that you did a very thoughtless thing, but my advice would be "Brave it out and make the best of it!" Try quietly pointing out to your undesirable friend that you prefer the company of more homely people. It might help if you were to get a job with UNESCO, though I'm not quite sure how far the immunity of their officials extends. I can't discuss the rest of your letter in these columns, but I have arranged for our Doctor Ethel to send advice privately to your friend M. Edward Blishen

My husband, who is a stockbroker, has suddenly developed quite dreadful habits. Ignoring my protests he paints horrid pictures of bare women all over the walls of the house. He swears, drinks, and mixes with most peculiar people. The children are getting quite out of hand. What shall I do? S. G. (Mme).

Do not be alarmed. Many husbands find hobbies for themselves and if your husband likes painting I think you should encourage him. There are lots of little things you can do to help. For instance why not throw a small sherry party for his painter friends? (There are some recipes for little canapes on the next page which might prove useful). Do not worry if they seem a little odd, they are probably quite nice really. You tell me his painting is not very good. Here you can help enormously by learning to paint yourself. Watercolours are quite easy to do and there are some hints in next week's issue to start you off. Then you could go out sketching with him, take him to exhibitions and by sharing your husband's interests (as all wives should) you will soon restore your family life.

P.S. Try and get him to paint portraits of yourself and the children in the garden. Michael Perring

Can you suggest remedies for (1) sleep-walking, and (2) stains that just will not come off my hands no matter how hard I scrub them?
Scottish Lady (Mrs.)

Dear Scottish Lady,—Your problems are quite easily solved. The root cause of chronic sleep-walking

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is nervous tension, so please *relax* and above all avoid fretting about domestic matters. Try long walks during the day, an aspirin or two at bed-time, and if the trouble persists, don't hesitate to call in your family doctor.

I cannot fully advise you on your other problem without knowing the precise type of stain that is bothering you. Details (together with a stamped addressed envelope) would be appreciated. Meanwhile, perhaps Hubby could help to save those workaday hands by taking on an occasional household chore himself?

JAN ARRES

Nothing will shake my conviction that I am destined to become a great artist but everything and everybody is against me. My father, a minor custom's official, doubts my legitimacy. My school sent me down as "being unable to benefit from further instruction." An art school and a school of architecture refused me admission because of "lack of talent." My very name makes me a laughing stock. What shall I do?

ADOLF SCHICKELGRUBER

You must try and preserve your self-confidence. Study the lives of great men who overcame difficulties similar to your own. After all William the Conqueror was illegitimate. If you cannot gain admission to an art school cultivate some other mode of self-expression, such as public speaking, which will be useful in almost any other career. Once you have succeeded you will be able to indulge in art as a hobby. You can change your name by Deed Poll.

A. W. J. E.

CHESS: Odds on Odds

No. 43

It is false pride that makes some players resent the offer of odds. Since there is no other method of bridging a considerable difference in strength, odds should be accepted as a necessary evil—an evil because, inevitably, they spoil the inherent harmony of the game. Odds of P & moves involve an entirely new theory, and the concession of more substantial material odds may well lead to deliberately unsound attacks prompted by the psychology of the player rather than the logic of the position, and involving a gamble on mistakes and attempts to provoke them. But even this may be quite amusing, as Dr. Tarrasch proved when (at Nuremberg, 1890) he conceded the odds of the Q in this game.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(7) Kt-KB3	B-QKt5
(2) P-KB4	P-Q3	(8) B-KKt5	Q-Q3?
(3) P-Q3	P-KB4	(9) R-Q1	Q-KK13
(4) Kt-QB3	P x KP	(10) R-Q8 ch	K-B2
(5) QP x P	P-QR3	(11) B-B4 ch	Q-K3
(6) P x P	P x P	(12) Kt x P mate	

To rely on the odds-receiver's obvious desire for swapping Queens is a psychological *finesse* neatly illustrated in this little game played in 1903 and reported by Kurt Richter. C. Dorasil conceded the odds of the QKt.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(7) B x P	B-B1
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(8) R-K1	P-Q3
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(9) P-K5	P x P
(4) B-QB4	B-Kt5 ch	(10) Kt x P	Q x Q?
(5) P-B3	P x P	(11) B x P ch	K-K2
(6) O-O	P x P	(12) Kt-Kt6 ch	K x B
		(13) Kt x R mate	

When looking for an example of the odds-giver's proper gambling spirit being tempered by some shrewd discretion, take this position reached by Nimzovitch against a player conceded the Q for a Kt. It would be very tempting to play *B*-Kt6 ch, followed by R-K6. But even a very weak player might see that by Q-R8 ch he could give up his Q for both rooks and remain a R up and with nothing more to fear. Hence Nimzovitch played R(1)–Q3, hoping that Black would fall for the bait of the Kt. This he promptly did by Q-K8 ch, followed by Q x Kt, whereupon the original conception of the B-check, followed by R-K6 was "on," and indeed perfectly sound.

So as to give competitors a good start in the early stage of the new point-to-point race, here are three studies, each rating 5 points. A is relatively easy. B is by no means as easy as it looks. I will say that much that the *coup de grace* is deftly administered by the White King. As for C, White's first move seems as obvious as the smart resource at Black's command. But White outsmarts him after all, and very subtly too.

A: S. Isenegger, Basle

B: G. Bernhardt

C: T. B. Gorgiev, 1930

In A, White to play and draw, in B and C, White to play and win. Usual prizes. Entries by July 10.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 10

A: (1) P-R7 ch, K-R3, (2) B-Kt7 ch, K x P, (3) B-R1 ch, K-R3, (4) R x P ch, K-R4, (5) K-Kt2, P queens, (6) R-R6 ch, K x R. (If (5) . . . B-B7, (6) R-B8 followed by R-KR8 ch.)

B: Key: Kt-K8. . . . R x Kt (2) R-B6 ch, K x R, (3) P x R(Kt), etc.

Evidently my hint for the Platow study was somewhat too broad, with the result that even this fairly difficult piece found dozens of correct solutions. Some correspondents doubted that the pretty 1880 problem could have been composed by a mere boy. But it was, and the author was not—as has been suggested—an uncle of J. Mieses, but our old friend himself at the age of 15. This week's prizes shared by Claude Franks, G. Roblin, H. J. Rose, Fritjof Sclander.

ASTIAC

PERSONAL

GERMAN student, political economy, 21, male, wishing to improve his English, seeks to exchange home with English student for 6-10 weeks. Georg Fehrensen, (20b) Hann-Münden, Feuerteich 4, Germany.

GIRL, 19, University Law-student, would like post during summer. Fluent French and Italian, typing, etc. Prepared to work in any reasonable capacity either at home or abroad. Baron, 56 Chatsworth Rd. N.W.2.

IN return for some services (sewing, child-care, hswork., etc.) artist (f.) with child sks. semi-basement/equiv. independent accom., reas. rent. Furn./unfurn. Box 7071.

SMALL group starting Central London to provide smaller scale less organised social recreation than clubs. Walks, talks, swims, tennis, music. Mainly people over 30. No subscription. Write describing interests. Box 7440.

2 YOUNG men would appreciate lift in car to Riviera/Italy during next 3 mths. Willing to drive & share part expenses. Box 7065.

STUDENT, aged 25, ex-nurse, own typewriter, offers services for 3 weeks by the sea this summer. Box 7086.

YOUNG Swiss lady (20) seeks accommodation with English family as paying guest till September. Box 7112.

ANOTHER unconvent. sgle fem., abt. 30, to share hols. Sussex w./ends. Box 7080.

BACHELOR, 35, seeks passenger (m.) for motor trip to Italy in August and return. Stay one month approx. Box 7153.

LADY with charming house in artists' country by River Stour, Essex (punt, swimming), offers rm. Short/long periods. Box 7209.

BACHELOR, 33, own luxury flat London, desires to exchange week-end visits with bachelor (30-40) either seaside/country, easy reach London train or coach. Box 7220.

YOUNG woman wishes to perfect French language & conversation, central or west London. State terms. Box 7229.

ARABIC. Private lessons. Middle East teacher. Translations from and into English. Box 7016.

LEARN French happily with young Parisienne. Children/beginners welc. Box 7027.

ITALIAN, French tuition, conversation. Roberti. Telephone Gladstone 2692.

WANTED—stories and articles for American journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurlet, Co. Tipperary.

CHILDREN'S holidays: seaside, riding, tennis, fishing. Abundant food. Family environment. Telephone PAD. 1343 or write: 207 Gloucester Place, N.W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

SINGLE woman teacher seeks companion housekeeper to share pleasant home in Northamptonshire. Box 7055.

EXPERIENCED Froebel-trained teacher will give lessons to child 5-8 years. Telephone Stevenson, TUDor 2962.

SMART Dresses made to order. Moderate charges. 'Phone Sonia Klein. CUN. 9311.

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YOUR character from handwriting. Send 50 words, 3s. s.a.e. Box 7069.

ACCOMMODATION exchanged. "Holiday Exchanges," Wangford, Beccles, Suffolk.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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PERSONAL—continued

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). "Everyman's Music" wkend., with Cornelius Fisher, July 14-16. From 40s.

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PERSONAL—continued

WANTED: W. J. Turner's "The Man Who Ate the Popomack" Box 7804.

NORWAY. Seats vacant in 'plane Newcastle-Oslo, departing August 13, returning August 26. Return fare £16 5s. I.T.F., 6 Bainbrigge Road, Leeds, 6.

SCHOOLS

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Professor of Psychiatry and Director of Psychiatric Clinical Services. Applications are invited for the combined position of Professor of Psychiatry in the University of Sydney and Director of Psychiatric Clinical Services in the State Mental Hospitals, New South Wales. Salary £2,000-£2,500 (Australian) per annum according to qualifications and experience. Applicants should be registered medical practitioners with post-graduate qualifications in psychological medicine, and have had extensive experience in the practice of psychiatry. Preference will be given to applicants with teaching experience in a Medical School of a recognised University. Apart from his professorial duties and functions the successful applicant will be required to undertake the general supervisory control of clinical treatment in State Mental hospitals and psychiatric institutes. In this sphere he will be entirely free administratively and professionally and will be aided by an Assistant Director and a Neuropathologist, both of whom will be appointed subsequently and he will be a member of the Appointment Committee for these positions. Furthermore, the Government will construct, equip and maintain a Neuropsychiatric clinic to serve as the basic unit in an organisation designed to meet both University and State Government requirements. The successful applicant's advice will be sought with regard to the planning of this clinic. The successful applicant will not be required to assume the duties of Professor of Psychiatry in the University of Sydney until April, 1951, so that from date of appointment until then, his services will be confined to the exercise of his functions as Director of Psychiatric Clinical Services. There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close with the undersigned on August 31, 1950. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Chair of English Language. Applications are invited for the De Beers Chair of English Language. The Chair will be vacant in January, 1951. Ability to take advanced classes in English Philology and the older stages of the English language will be a strong recommendation, but the principal work in the courses for first and second year students will be the use of modern English and English Phonetics. The salary scale is £1,000—£50—£1,300 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance, which at present is £200 per annum for a married man and £57 per annum for a single person. Examples of income tax (1950): Married man with an income of £1,200: about £80 (with a rebate for children under 18 years of age). Single person with an income of £1,050: about £100. Cost of living allowance included in salary for purpose of income tax. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications, and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than July 31, 1950. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the Senior Lectureship in Classics which will be vacant in 1951. Salary £800-£900 (New Zealand currency). Further particulars and information as to method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is July 31, 1950.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the following posts of Lecturers: 1. Lecturer in Chemistry. (The candidate's main subject should be Physical Chemistry, preferably with experience in Colloid Chemistry). 2. Lecturer in Biology. (The candidate's qualifications should be mainly on the zoological side with ecological experience.) Salaries will be within the scale £450 to £1,100 with F.S.S.U. privileges and children's allowances. Initial salaries will depend upon qualifications and experience. Candidates appointed will be required to reside in College houses on the estate, and will be required to join their posts on January 1, 1951. The last date for the receipt of applications is July 31. Applic. forms and further information from Registrar, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent.

WORKERS' Educational Association. District Secretary to be appointed Northern Ireland Dis. Applicants must have wide knowledge of W.E.A. organisation and administration and be free to commence duties not later than Sept. 1. Commencing salary £450 x £25 —£500. Applic. forms from Chairman, W. J. Shaw, Cuan-na-Mara, Belfast Rd., Carrickfergus, N. Ireland, to be returned by July 12.

W.E.A. Organiser wanted for W.E.A., London district. Good knowledge of trade union movement and W.E.A. work req'd. Salary £450 p.a. Apply for applic. form to W.E.A., London District, 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Navy. Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Commissions in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are for officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, or Metallurgy), or Engineering. Commissions will be granted for periods of 3, 4 or 5 years, and, after 2 years' service, opportunities will be afforded for officers to be transferred to the Permanent List. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £237 in first year, £319 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous naval service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts. Superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 5. Apply to Director (P), Education Department, Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details and application forms.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first- or second-class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts in addition must have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary scales for men in London, Senior Scientific Officers, £700 x £25—£900; Scientific Officers, £400 x £25—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Br.), 7th Floor, Trinidad Hse., Old Burlington St., W.1, quoting No. 2887.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Assistant (Supervising) Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews will be held throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide variety of scientific (including engineering) qualifications. Places of work are spread throughout Great Britain. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 28 years of age (or under 31 for established Civil Servants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification, but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men) is £330-£490. Salaries for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3066. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

CLUB Leader (woman) for small Settlement; mostly for children's clubs; salary £150 p.a. plus residence. Further details from The Warden, Dame Colet House, 29 Duckett St., Stepney, E.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY and County of Bristol Education Committee. Assistant Educational Psychologist. Applications invited for appointment as Assistant Educational Psychologist (man or woman) in connection with Child Guidance Clinic and schools of the city. Salary—men £550 by £25 increments to £700 per annum—women £495 by £20 increments to £560 per annum. Commencing salary dependent on previous experience. Candidates should possess an Honours or Research Degree in Psychology with experience in teaching children. Preference given to candidates with practical experience of work in a clinic or of research in child psychology. Application forms obtainable from G. H. Sylvester, Chief Education Officer, The Council House, College Green, Bristol, 1.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals. The Lady Chichester Hospital, Aldrington House, New Church Rd., Hove, Sussex (for the treatment and rehabilitation of early nervous disorders of men, women and children). Psychiatric Social Worker required. Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports, viz., £370 per annum-£530 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be forwarded as soon as possible to W. E. Mitchell, Secretary, St. Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a full-time post as Librarian, with some editorial responsibilities. Candidates must have library experience and should preferably be university graduates. Editorial experience, an examination qualification in librarianship, and a knowledge of languages would be additional qualifications. Commencing salary £350-£500, according to experience and qualifications. Applications, with two testimonials and names of two referees, should be sent under confidential cover to the Director, Aslib, 4 Palace Gate, London, W.8, by July 25, 1950.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. District Youth Officer, Youth Council Districts of Coulsdon and Purley and Caterham and Warlingham. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of Youth Officer to service the two District Youth Councils of Coulsdon and Purley and Caterham and Warlingham. Applicants should have had practical experience of the administration of Youth Service and of work with young people. A Social Service Diploma or other recognized training qualification is desirable, but not essential. Salary: Men, £450 x £20—£550. Women, £400 x £15—£490 (consideration will be given to a commencing rate above the minimum, according to qualifications or experience. The post will be subject to the Teachers' (Superannuation) Act or the Local Government Superannuation Acts, whichever may apply. Further particulars and form of application for service by letter only within two weeks of this notice, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the post of full-time Club Leader at the Abbey Barn Youth Club, Cheam. Applicants should have had practical experience of work with young people between the ages of 15 and 25. A recognised certificate of full-time training is desirable, but not essential. Salary: Men, £300 x £15—£450. Women: £270 x £12—£390. The appointment will be temporary for twelve months in the first instance, but the person appointed will be included in the Authority's Superannuation Scheme. Further particulars and form of application, which should be returned within two weeks of this notice, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

EAST Suffolk County Education Committee. Youth Club Leader required in September for a recently formed mixed club at Woodbridge (three evenings) and the nearby established village club at Hollesley (two evenings). Candidates must be of good educational standard and have had previous experience in mixed club work. Preference will be given to trained leaders. Salary scale for qualified leaders—Burnham scale for Assistant Teachers:—Men: £300 x £15—£555; Women: £270 x £12—£444, plus allowances for graduates. Applications, with copies of two recent testimonials, should be sent to the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Ipswich, within three weeks of the appearance of this advertisement. Forms of application may be obtained on request.

LONDON County Council. Resident Matron required in August at Staplefield Place (school for physically handicapped girls), nr. Haywards Heath, Sussex. Duties include supervision of non-teaching staff and domestic administration of school including catering. Experience in institutional administration essential. Recognised qualification desirable. Nursing experience not necessary but knowledge of first-aid and home nursing would be advantage. Salary £230 x £15—£290 a year, plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Send stamped addressed envelope for application form and further details to the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 6D 166), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (755)

COUPLE or two friends as Cook and Assistant in Children's Home, Peebleshire. Country district. Opportunity to join community if interested. Box 7560.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council—Public Health Department. Local tuberculosis care organisers are required for duty at chest clinics situated as follows: Hammersmith Hospital, Du Cane Rd., W.12; Metropolitan Hospital, Kingsland Rd., E.8; Harton St., Deptford, S.E.8; Blagdon Rd., Lewisham, S.E.13; Southlands, High St., Battersea, S.W.11. Salary scale, £400 x £25-£500 a year. The persons appointed will be required to carry out the social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the local tuberculosis care committees. Candidates should possess the certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or the social science certificate of one of the recognised schools of sociology, and have had practical experience in social work. Application forms and further information obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.I.), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, to whom forms should be returned July 10.

ESSEX County Council. House mother, genuinely fond of children and interested in making a home, required to take charge of a Country Children's Home, at Tendring, nr. Clacton, with accommodation for 22 normal children, mainly boys aged 3 to 15 years who attend local schools. Previous experience or training in residential work with children essential. Salary £262 12s. per annum, less £59 16s. per annum for full residential emoluments, also a small travelling allowance. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SCHOOL Matron, mature and experienced, required for co-educational boarding school —charge of housework, clothing and dormitories. No one with child under eight can be considered. Apply Secretary, Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorks.

APPLICATIONS will be considered from men between 21 and 30, to train for full-time appointments with the Y.M.C.A. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership and organising ability. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/16, Personnel Secretary, National Council for Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

FAMILY Caseworker (woman) required. Social Science Certificate (or equivalent qualification) and experience. Salary £330 to £375. Apply to the Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley St., Liverpool, 1, by letter enclosing copies of testimonials.

CLUB Leader (woman) for Junior & Mixed Youth Clubs, Sept. Residence and full board in Settlement. Sal. from £180 p.a. Form of application obtainable from Warden, Women's University Settlement, 44 Nelson Sq. S.E.1, to be returned not later than July 8.

BRISTOL. Applics. from qualified men invited as Warden for Eagle House Youth Club, a large mixed club in a housing estate. Training and exp. in youth work essential. Salary £350 x £10 to £400 p.a. Application forms and partics. from Sec., Bristol Youth Committee, 16 Great George St., Bristol, 1.

THE Caldecott Community. Applicants are invited to apply for the post of Housemistress to a group of girls aged 11-14 years. The post will be vacant in September, 1950. Applicants should have had some residential experience and be interested in the problems of deprived adolescent girls. A keen interest in the leisure time pursuits of the girls is essential, and ability to teach games, dancing or a craft an advantage. Salary £200-£250 a year resident according to experience. If a qualified teacher of physical education, Burnham Scale would be paid less £100 for residence. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

THE Caldecott Community. Applicants are invited to apply for the post of Housemistress to a group of children aged 9-11 years. Applicants should have had some residential experience and be sympathetic and alive to the difficulties of deprived children. Preference given to an active young woman between 25 and 35 years old who is keenly interested in country pursuits. Salary £200 resident rising to £250. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

REQUIRED in September, a Master or Mistress to undertake some part-time coaching in Physics for Higher School Certificate. Modern laboratories. Payment of travelling expenses considered. Apply to the Head Mistress, Gravesend County Grammar School for Girls.

EXPORT & Import Company, London, requires a salesman to take charge of a department dealing with hardware, machines and technical appliances, etc. Exp. and good knowledge of London market essential. Must be reliable and conscientious. Salary according to qualifics. Box 7539.

PRIVATE Secretary wanted by architect with large office in London, W.1. Must be intelligent, efficient, well educated and able to assist in organising office and filing and composing letters and lectures in good English. A good memory and tidiness essential to make up for deficiencies of employer. Should if possible possess tact, good judgment of men and affairs, understanding of book-keeping and business matters, some appreciation of architectural and artistic values and a sense of humour born of sympathy rather than superiority. Apply in handwriting to Box 7441.

PT.-time private sec. wtd.: must be intell. & capable of dealing with social arrangements & scientific and philos. work. Pay on retainer basis, gteed. min. £2 10s. p.w., with extra accdg. work done. Box 7802.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Union of Students invites applications for the position of General Secretary. Details from 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

EDITOR of weekly medical journal requires experienced personal secretary (good shorthand and typing). Ability to work on own initiative. Age about 30. Salary according to qualifications. Interesting and responsible post. Box 7732.

LADY to assist work on literary periodical; must be able classify books, read proofs, type; state age, salary. Box 7489.

EXCELLENT pay offered efficient, well-educated secretaries on our Emergency Service. 10-5. No Sats. Apply Dutton's, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND typists, one permanent, one temporary holiday relief, wanted for interesting work on daily newspaper. Box 7461.

YOUNG reliable office boy required, Regent St. Good wages. Box 7542.

HYDE Park Speaker wanted for Sunday afternoons; qualifications: good general education, anti-totalitarian conviction and persuasive personality. Please state terms with curriculum vitæ. Write Box 161, Rays, Cecil Court, London, W.C.2.

TWO friends or sisters required to be completely responsible for running friendly hostel with ten guests. All duties without supervision. Very pleasant atmosphere. State exp., salaries required. Box 7509.

COOK required in London. Good plain cooking for household of fourteen people. A month's holiday during the year, two half-days free during the week and no duties after 7.30 p.m. Please give references and state salary required. Apply Mrs. Thorp, Heath House, Lyndhurst Terrace, London, N.W.3.

HOME-making capable woman, all domestic duties fond of children. Hever Warren Hostel-School for Maladjusted Children, Edenbridge, Kent.

HOMELY woman required to cook for twelve young people, London suburb. Must be good plain cook, friendly and adaptable, willing to accept responsibility. References required. Apply Box 7510.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN secretary and personal assistant experienced in political and literary work, proved executive ability, seeks post of responsibility in London or country. Box 7138.

YOUNG Austrian lady, Swiss diploma in Applied Psychology, thoroughly conversant modern testing methods, particularly Rorschach, seeks position as pedagogic adviser or similar. Wide exper. with children. Box 7109.

INDIAN M.Sc. (Physics), LL.B., seeks London employment. Experience: teaching & journalism. Prefers scientific instruments, patents, but ready for anything. Box 7089.

IS any London Bookseller interested in a woman with bookselling experience, good selling ability and personality, keen interest in her work, reliable, responsible? These qualities are offered in exchange for reasonable salary and reasonable treatment. Box 7075.

ADVERTISER (27), experience textiles, converting, export, linguist, now free. Write Box 7047.

ENGINEER/Economist, age 46, seeks change of environment where literary flair can be developed. Box 7039.

OXFORD & Columbia M.A. writer, 34, now Professor of English in Canada, weary of North American Continent, desires lucrative educational cultural position England, Europe, West Indies. Box 7024.

YOUNG lady (26), University educ., shorthand-typing, speeds 100-45; int. in hist., lit., educ. seeks post, pref. non-commercial; London or W. Wales, but insig. work more important than either condition. Box 7373.

YOUNG married New Zealand woman (22), wants exciting job connected with Visual Arts. Some architectural training and experience. Box 7353.

WOMAN requires post any suitable area. Secretarial/shorthand-typing or clerical. Good correspondent. Box 7323.

SCHOOLMASTER (29) seeks alternative post. French, German. Free Aug. Box 7294.

HONS. History grad., exp. social wk., research, secretl., some French, skts. post: welfare work, travel or teaching. Box 7128.

UNSUCCESSFUL male writer, 37, seeks full-time out-of-ordinary post. Prospects, security not essential. Offers. Suggestions. Urgent. Box 7179.

YOUNG lady seeks interesting creative work in Art world. Theatre, galleries, studios, magazines, etc. Sound college training. Eager to work hard. Box 3, 3 Warwick Square, S.W.1.

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers please write/phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

UPPER Thames. White Cross Country House Hotel, Wallingford, in 6 acres lovely grounds. H. & C., divan beds. Private bathing & fishing. Sailing, boating, tennis. Tel. 3255.

SUSSEX. Relax in lovely country within reach sea. Comfy beds. Own produce. 3 acres. To Where (Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne line). Phone: Horsham Rd. 32.

CASTLE Rock Hotel, Mortehoe, Devon. In own grounds overlooking sands, coves and rolling downs. 30 bedrooms. Excellent chefs. Vacancies June-July. Tel. Woolacombe 165.

ENGLISH lakes. Comfortable Guest House in delightful surroundings. Good food. Personal attention. Dawson, Birkhead, Troutbeck, Windermere.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Bide-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 43 Fleet St. Torquay.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Century Manor overlooking Camel Estuary. Easy reach golfing, surfing, boating. Produce from own farm. 4½ to 7gns. Write for brochure M.

CHILDREN'S Guest House; country life, own farm produce, woodland, pony. White, Box Wood, Stevenage, Herts.

CORNWALL. "Just as nice as Paradise & only half as far." Especially during July. Lovely beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath, golf St. Enodoc. Fishing. 15 acres grounds. Farm produce. Interior-sprung mattresses. Trebarrick Manor, Port Isaac 234.

ST. John's Priory, Poling, Arundel, Riding holidays in Sussex beauty spot. Charming XII Century house. Own produce and stables. Brochure on application. Tel. Arundel 3114.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country, Johnson & Paget, Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers beautiful views, comfort and friendly atmosphere. Conferences, parties catered for. Vegans welcome. Anne Horner and Beatrice Farnsworth. Tel. 508.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house in wooded grounds, close Pont-y-Pant stn., but in unique stn. above colourful valley. Fine mountain walking. Continental type cooking. From 6gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Dolwyddelan, Carnarvonshire. 230.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food: soft beds; 2 warm lounges; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

NATURIST sun-bathing holidays, in sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils. and mod. cons. Nudity sun and air bathing. Write (enclosing 1d.) for brochure, Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' Annual, listing 54 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

CORNWALL. Small Farm Guest House has 2 vacancies for summer months. Modern conven., good table. Apply Lowrie, Homeleigh Farm, Menadue, Pelperro Road, Looe.

IF it's a restful holiday you need, midst some of England's loveliest countryside, you should come to Cheltenham Spa. For rail services inquire at stations, offices, agents. Apply Dept. 40, Town Hall, for Guide, etc.

FARRINGFORD—the loveliest spot in the I.O.W. Country house comfort in the hotel or your own cottage. Central heating, hot and cold water, telephones—fully licensed. Inclusive chgs. from 6gns. per person per week. Write for leaflet: Manager, "Farringford," Freshwater, I.O.W. Phone Freshwater 312.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone: Bude 147.

EDINBURGH. Bed, breakfast, attractive rooms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

BRIGHTON. Old and new friends welcomed at Queensbury Hotel, Regency Sq. (facing West Pier). Good food and all amenities. Full board, 5½gns. from June. Brighton 23558.

NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bewitching beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. light. Mod. terms. Grosvenor Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, proprietors. Tel. Hartland 25.

WEST Sussex. Woodfield Hotel, Fernhurst, offers a holiday with excellent home-produced food, first-class comfort and secluded gardens in beautiful country unsurpassed for walking or riding. Easy access South Coast and London. Postal address and station: Haslemere, Surrey. Fernhurst 276.

CORNWALL.—Sennen Cove Hotel, Land's End. Phone Sennen 275. First class. Fully licensed; accommodates 80; excellent cuisine; unsurpassed sea views; safe bathing; excellent sands and rugged coastal scenery. High season terms 30s. per day.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory. S. Wales coast. Ideal stn. Plant. hol. resort. Offers. sea. Attractive caterg. Brochure.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

WOOD Court, Seven Hills Road, Cobham, Surrey. For thorough rest and relaxation. Informal and friendly Guest House in 22 acres garden and woodland (eight pretty country only 17 miles from London's West End. Good food, own produce; modern conven., maximum cleanliness and comfort. Near golf, riding, Thames fishing and boating, etc. Valuable library, philosophy and psychology, etc. Terms from 5gns., full board. Lock-up garages. Tel. Cobham 3224, or write for brochure.

PAYING guests received in lovely private villa, Vence, South of France, sea-view; artists preferred. Box 7094.

GUESTS received—large coast, farmhouse, modern convens. Terms 4½gns. weekly. Bernard, Upper House, Risbury, Leominster.

ALL French seaside resorts. For disinterested advice consult "Harvard Guide to France." Ready also: Guides to Paris and Belgium. 2s. each. All booksellers or (post free), Joseph Harvard, 15 Brookfield, London, N.6.

CRAIGDARROCK Arms, Moniaive, Dumfriesshire, for a peaceful holiday in a charming village where three glens meet. H. & C. in bedrooms. Constant hot water. Good country food. Beautiful countryside. Fully licensed. Apply Mrs. Blake.

YEALAND Manor, nr. Carnforth. Country house in lovely setting. Modern conv. Easy reach Lakes and sea. Illustrated brochure.

DIFFERENT is the word for Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on Ashdown Forest. There's good food and comfort too. Old Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Sharpthorne 17.

REDWAY, Stoke Gabriel, S. Devon. (Tel. 260), faces south and is filled with sunshine. Every modern comfort, delicious food, willing service, beautiful surroundings and views. Not isolated, coast easily reached. 6½gns. Special winter terms.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmndr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children welcomed. 4½gns. p.w. Vacancies July, September. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

BOGNOR (Pier View, Steyne), full board residence, hot and cold water, every comfort & convenience. Children welcome, half price. Terms moderate. Central.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive, 7-8gns. from June 3rd. Tel.: 1944.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. The Lawns Private Hotel, where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position on sea front. Vacancies excepting August. Terms 5-5½gns. Phone 291.

BOARD residence: sea, 3 minutes. Spacious grounds; home produce. Brown Acres, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Tel. Aldeburgh 319.

PALM Bay Hotel—finest position in Clifton-ville. An hotel of distinction & charm, offering every modern comfort & personal service; French chef; fully licensed. Write for brochure to the new owners' Manageress, Miss E. M. Johnson, or telephone Margate 385.

MENTON, South of France. English owner welcomes guests in Mediterranean villa near sea and Italian frontier. Few vacancies August. Box 7387.

S. DEVON. Country house, pleasant surroundings, all conv., ideal for children, own prod., 4-5½gns. Parr, Colmer, Modbury.

DITTISHAM - on - the - Dart, S. Devon, Coombe Farm Hotel. Quiet restful holiday in Queen Anne Manor House, with 20th Century comforts and conveniences. Unique centre for country, river and coastal scenery. Farm produce. Vacancies July & September.

IN the Heart of Lovely Lammermuirs, Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns, yet only 32 mls. from Edinburgh. Home produce. Excell. chg. H. & C. in bedrms. 3,000-vol. library. 3 trout streams. Children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

WALTON-on-Naze for the ideal holiday. Bed, breakfast, £2 5s.; with high tea 3½ gns. Vacancies June-Sept. Modern amenities. Near sea. "Avonell," 3 High Street.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Golf. Fishing. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, fishing, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 52.

FORGET your troubles and stay at The Manor House, Duddleswell, Ashdown Forest. Phone Nutley 2.

WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1. MAY. 5235, have opened a Branch Establishment at 33 Oxford Street, W.1. GER. 4713 (opposite Francati) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delicatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HANOVER Hotel, The Steyne, Bognor Regis, Board residence. Every comfort & convenience. Children welcomed, half price. Terms moderate. Tel. 933.

HIGH time you tried the S.P. Grill & Café, 6 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus (25 years old). The Fried Chicken Plate—the Sandwiches—the Lemon Meringue Pie, and lots of other good things to eat for lunch, tea and before "The Show."

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone: BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

CAREFUL tenants wanted for comf. 3-rmd. furn. flat, nr. Hampstead Tube, wd. sleep 3, end Aug.-end Nov. 7gns. p.w. Box 7800.

TWO professional girls offer home to third in large, sunny Hampstead flat. Comfort, service, independence. Box 7283.

SINGLE divan bed-sitting room in modern house 5 mins. Ken. High St. Gas fire. Breakfast grillet. Linen, £2 5s. WES.urn 9233.

3-room furn. flat to let, top floor; soft-footed types preferred. AMB 1410.

TWO adjoining furn. rooms, use kitchen, bath, owner's all-electric maisonette close Olympia, offered working lady, 40-45 some week-ends. £3 10s. incl. Refs. FUL. 5685.

LARGE pleasant divan-sitting-room, all conveniences, use bath, phone, linen if required. Female only. Muswell Hill. 302. incl. cleaning. Box 7073.

QUEEN Anne Guest House, Blackheath, facing Heath. Delightful surroundings but only 18 mins. Charing X. Full board £3 10s. per week. Box 7022.

SOUTH of France. To let furnished. Charming Provençal villa near Grasse and Cannes. All modern conveniences. 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Excellent cook available. Rent July-September 10 guineas per week. Available till Christmas at reduced rate. Carew, Manatee, Newton Abbot.

SHORT let, late Aug., 5 bedroom house, fine situn. Constable country. Every amenity. Write: Hill Farm House, Bures, Suffolk.

CARAVAN, 4-berth 31 cm. on ideal priv. site overlkg. Thames, 1 hr. Paddington. Short/long period, on site or now. Giles, Blind Lane, Bourne End, Bucks. Phone 480.

HAS no one a flat (unfurn. pref., London) for post grad. research student, marrying in Sept. with no home in sight. Quiet, not in debt. Please write to Box 7718.

EX-TEACHER, widow, English lowers, requires unfurn. accommodation, preferably W.2 area. Willing to sit-in 2 evenings a week. I.W., 14 Princess Court, Queensway, W.2.

YOUNG architect, married, urgently seeks 2/3-roomed unfurnished flat, London area. Box 7439.

URGENT. Quiet gentlewoman req., ten. studio unfurn. Mod. rent. Box 7398.

FOR 2/3 years only. Young professional couple seek unfurnished flat London or nearby. Phone WHI. 8625 (Mon. to Fri.).

MODEL tenants. Young couple seeking modest 2-roomed, s.c. (or share bath), unfurnished flat practically anywhere London area. Loads of references. Box 7206.

ENGAGED professional couple seek accommodation enabling them to marry, N.W. or W. London. Reasonable rent. Box 7150.

2 WOMEN, educationists, require unfurn. self-contained flat & garage within 5 mls. of Streatham. Quiet tenants. Box 7136.

WANTED: 1, 2 or 3 unfurn. rooms, own bath and kit. Will modernise & decorate. Selby-Bigge, 12 Sheffield Terrace, W.8.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS of interest. Pictorial Biographies of Clement Attlee by V. Brome, Herbert Morrison by M. Edelman, M.P., Bertrand Russell by H. W. Leggett. 7s. 6d. each, containing 40 full-page photographs and 20,000 words. Order from Astra, 36-38 Southampton St., W.C.2.

"THE Phœnix Folio of Colour Reproductions" containing works by Dürer, Holbein, Manet, Pissarro, Gauguin and Van Gogh, with colour surfaces averaging 30in. x 15in., is now available. This Folio is magnificent value for 60s. Write for prospectus or visit Phœnix Gallery, 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2. (Hours: 9.30-6, Mon.-Fri.).

HAVE you seen "Colophon," the new monthly magazine for booklovers? Ask at all booksellers.

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HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Near Lyric Theatre, W.6. Riv. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & F. Steiner, 64 Tolpuddle Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted! Selected German books on philosophy, history, prose, poetry and art in stock. Continental Book Supply, 32a Chamberlayne Park, London, N.6. Tel. MOU. 1482.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Herbert Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days. Sat. & Sun. 3 & 8. "Macbeth." Wd. next, 7.0, "Heartbreak House." Members.

UNITY. "The Circling Dove." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

MERCURY. Park 3700. Evenings 7.30. Intimate Opera, to July 8 only.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. July 2, 7.30: "Zauber Der Boheme" (A).

TWO Invitation Pianoforte Recitals by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, July 6 and 13, at 7. Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 109a Earl's Court Rd. W.8, or 19 Pembley Park, Welwyn Garden City. Stamped addressed envelope must accompany all applications by post.

HANDEL'S Italian Contemporaries in London. Works for two cellos by Bononcini, Sammartini and Pasquali. Sonata-Viola d'Amore by Ariosti. Concert given by London Baroque Ensemble, under Karl Haas. Sat., July 8, 8 p.m. 'Phone for numbered programme (FRO. 0360). Gregory Pearson Concert Society, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

JAMES Joyce. Settings of his poems, Martin Boddey (tenor), Ethel Cook (piano). Readings: Selma Vaz Dias. 8 p.m. Tu., July 11. Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18, Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Tkts. 5s. I.C.A. mems. free.

SUMMER Dance organised by Central London Fabian Socy., Sat., July 1, 7.30 p.m., at St. Martin's School of Art, Charing X Rd., W.C.2. Adm. 4s. Mems. of Fabian Society and friends only.

DANCE. Dreamer Francois' Sextet. Lord Kitchener, Calypso Singer. At Victory House, Leicester Square, on Sat. July 1, 7-30. Lic'd. bar. Adm. 4s. 77 Club invites you.

EXHIBITIONS

PICASSO: Exhibition of retrospective character, opening at Knokke-Le Zoute (Belgium) on Sunday, July 16. Closing August 27. Organised by E.L.T. Mesens, director of The London Gallery.

CAMILLE Pissarro: Paintings, Paste's and Water-colours at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PAINTINGS of Nigerian People and Scenes by M. Maurice Fievet, Imperial Institute, S. Kensington, daily to July 15 (not Sundays), 10-6. Admission free. Sponsored by Nigerian Government.

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time, organised by the Arts Council, Victoria and Albert Museum. Till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Portrait of the Artist. Self-portraits from Degas to the Present. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

BRITISH Empire Timbers used in Contemporary Furniture at Heals, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

MODERN French Art in Prints. The Little Gallery, Piccadilly Arcade. June 19-July 15.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

SLATTER Gallery, 1950 Exhibition. Important Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

SUMMER Exhibition of Contemporary Paintings & Sculptures by the Women's International Art Club at South London Art Gallery, Peckham Rd. S.E.5. Open from July 2 to August 12. Daily 1-8 p.m., Sundays 3-7. Closed Fridays. Adm. free. Buses 12, 36. Trams 35, 40, 54, 66, 72.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., London, W.1. 19th Century French Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Exhibition of Jewish paintings and sculpture. Mons.-Fridays 10-5 p.m. Suns. 2.30-5 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL Artists' Community, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. LAD. 3104. Artists, bring your best work to a collective centre. We will offer it for you to the Galleries, sell or auction it. Support your organisation. Exhibitions daily. Artists' hostel open soon.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Exhibition of original photographs of Ceylon by Lionel Wendt. Until July 15.

YORKSHIRE Artists. Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries' Exhibs. (1) Lucien Pissarro. (2) Derek Hill. (3) Dalzer Bereny. Leics. Sq., 13-5.30. Last wk.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

"JAMES Joyce: His Life and Work." Exhibition of MSS., portraits, books, etc. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. 10-6 (not Suns.), June 14 to July 13. Adm. 2s. 6d., members free.

KANDINSKY: Last day July 1. Five Young Contemporaries, and Sculpture and Gouaches by Peter Sager. Also Lithographs by Suzanne Humbert. From July 4. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE Basis of a New Foreign Policy." Basil Davidson, Sec. U.D.C. will speak at one day school, Saturday, July 8. Friends Meeting House, Euston Rd. 2.30 p.m. Tea 4.30 p.m. Mary Saran: "International Socialist Co-operation Since The War," 5-7 p.m. Charge including tea 2s. 6d. to L. P. F., 16 Wilton Rd., N.10, by July 4.

THE Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1, Tel. SLO. 0451): Tues., July 4, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., will give an informal talk on "What Dante means to me." H.E. the Italian Ambassador will be in the Chair. (Members only.)

"CATHOLIC Church Fighting Reaction." Each Wednesday evening in July, at 6.30 p.m., Fr. Paul Crane, S.J., B.Sc. (Econ.) London, Lecturer at Catholic Workers' College, Oxford, will give a Catholic statement of policy at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm St., W.1. All welcome.

LINQUISTS' Club, 29 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 8, 6 p.m. M. Marcel Galophin (Alliance Française): "Un Evénement National: Le Tour de France Cycliste."

"JAMES Joyce and Andrey Biely." Talk by George Reavy. 5-45 Tues., July 4, in the Exhibition, Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. The Latest from Russia. G. Hutchinson, Shop Steward E.M.I., on May 1950 Delegation. Also Deana Levin, Fri., July 7, 8 p.m. Come and ask your questions. Adm. 6d. B.S.F.S.

DAVID Tree speaks on "Politics, The Actor & Theatre," Thurs., July 6. Tom Agar on "On the Socialist Roundabouts," July 20. Vienna Rest., 289 Finchley Rd. N.W. 8 p.m. Hampstead Leaf (Book) Club. Adm. 1s.

SHAW Soc.: "Importance of Being Earnest" Reading. 57 Dean St., June 30, 6.45. Chair: Esme Percy. Non-members 1s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 o'clock. July 2: S. K. Ratcliffe: "The Centenary of Robert Louis Stevenson." Adm. free. For Reports of Lectures see "The Monthly Record," by post 4s. p.a. from Sec.

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Talk, Wed., July 5, at 6.30 p.m. "Eastern Wisdom for the West," by Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E. Non-mems. invited.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture Wed., July 5, 6.30 "Buddhism Applied (5)—Self and Desires." Mr. T. Christmas Humphreys.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Present Situation in Religion and Philosophy." At the Ethical Church, 42 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, Sunday, July 2, at 11 a.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

TRAINING Course for work in Community Centres and Youth Clubs. From October, 1950, to July, 1951, the Scottish Leadership Training Association is planning to run a one-year's Course of professional training for Community Centre Workers and Youth Leaders, at Moray House, Edinburgh. The Course is planned for men and women over the age of 21 who wish to train as full-time workers in community centres, social and recreational clubs for adults and young people, and in work on the staff of Education Authorities and Voluntary Organisations catering for young people and adults. This Course is intended primarily for persons who hold a University Degree, a Diploma or Certificate in Social Science, a Teachers' Training Certificate, or any equivalent diploma. It will, however, also be open to persons who have had very considerable experience in social, recreative or informal educational work in either a part-time or full-time capacity, and who, from the point of view of general education, can satisfy the committee of their ability to profit from a course which involves a good deal of academic study. The Course, which is approved by the Scottish Education Department and recognised by the Ministry of Education, will involve full-time attendance and include both theoretical and practical training. Application forms and a prospectus giving details of curriculum, fees, bursaries, etc., from Organising Secretary, S.L.T.A., 57 Melville St., Edinburgh, 3.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Diplomas: Law Exams., part fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D. Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

COMPLETE Secretl. Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd. W.14. Park 4465. Students may begin now.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. London, N.W.3 (Ham. 5986). Resident day students. Special arrangements for graduates. Active Appointments Dept.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre teaches the conscious elimination of faulty postural habits and over-tension by a method of proved value in many states of physical ill-health and psychological disorder. Doctors' and teachers' enquiries specially welcome. 13 Lansdowne Rd. W.11. Tel.: Park 7222.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

BURTON Manor College, Burton, Cheshire. Residential Summer Courses. Course 127. Sun., July 9, to Fri., July 14: Current Affairs Course—A Survey of Post-war Britain. Course 128. Sun., July 16, to Fri., July 21: A Short Survey of the British Commonwealth To-day. Course 130. Sat., July 22, to Fri., July 28: The Bible in the Modern World. Course 131. Sat., July 29, to Fri., Aug. 4: Shakespeare's England. Course 132. Sat., July 29, to Fri., Aug. 4: The Appreciation of Music. Course 133. Sun., Aug. 20, to Fri., Aug. 25: Poetry for Pleasure. Course 134. Sun., Aug. 20, to Fri., Aug. 25: Social Problems of Post-war Britain. Course 135. Sun., Aug. 27, to Fri., Sept. 1: Local History Course—Looking at Buildings. Course 136. Sun., Aug. 27, to Fri., Sept. 1: Modern Entertainment—A Study of its Scope and Implications. Course 137. Sun., Sept. 3, to Fri., Sept. 8: Local History Course—The Anatomy of the Village. Course 138. Sun., Sept. 3, to Fri., Sept. 8: Problems of an Industrial Civilisation. Course 142. Sun., Sept. 17, to Fri., Sept. 22: Man and the Community—Social and Political Problems of Man in the Modern State. Fees: £3 10s. per week for students from Merseyside; £4 5s. per week for students from other areas. Full particulars from: The Warden, Burton Manor College, Burton-in-Wirral, Cheshire.

UNIVERSITY of London, Department of Extra-Mural Studies. (University Extension Courses.) Vacation School in Geography. A residential Field Course in Geography will be held at Juniper Hall, near Dorking, Surrey, from August 2-16, 1950. The course will consist of a regional study of the Western half of the Weald, and has been planned so that students may attend either for both weeks or for one week. Physical structure, settlement, land utilisation and historical developments will be included in the scheme of study. The fee for tuition and board-residence is £4 10s. a week. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, London, W.C.1.

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute, August 15-29, at Bangor, Neuadd Reichel University College of North Wales. The art, history and techniques of the film. Morning lectures by leading film makers, critics and writers; afternoons free; evening film shows and discussion. Private single rooms, hot and cold water. Fully inclusive fee 12 guineas for fortnight. Enquiries for few remaining places immediately please to: Course Organiser, B.F.I., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2, or enquire TEM. 1642.

FABIAN Summer Schools. Accommodation is still available at: Courteenhall House, Roade, Northants. July 29-August 5. "Labour in Britain and the United States." Rita Hinden, Hugh Gaitskell, Allan Flanders, Norman Mackenzie, Arthur Skeffington, Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey: August 19-26. "Labour's Appeal." Sir Frank Soskice, Harold Davies, R. W. Williams, John Diamond, John Parker. Charges from £6. Applics. and enqs.: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SUMMER Drama School. Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regents Park, Aug. 7-18. Classes in Speech, Mime and Improvisation, Acting Technique, Make-up, Rehearsals. Lectures. Director, Marian Naylor. Details: Mrs. Hammond, 5 Melbury Rd. London, W.14.

COUNTRY Week-end in the heart of London: July 15 & 16. Conference on The Main World Religions. Charge (not including meals), 15s. 6d. Meals (scientifically planned) 2s. 6d. each, bed & bkfast. 7s. 6d. Also Summer Schools, July 15 and Aug., in London and abroad. Apply Registrar, Internatl. People's College, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

FOREIGN holiday in England. Join an informal house party, meet interesting visitors from abroad and practise your languages. Language classes and exchange, July 28-Aug. 8, nr. Windsor, Berkshire. Aug. 4-Sept. 2, New Milton, Hampshire, by the sea and near New Forest, also Irish house party nr. Dublin. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE National Trust needs new members to help preserve the beauty of Britain. They are admitted free to properties. Details from 42 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

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QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

LEARN Shorthand by July 29 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 3½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.90, of British Institute of Picture Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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